MARVEL MAGAZINES

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News, features, interviews and comic strip action!

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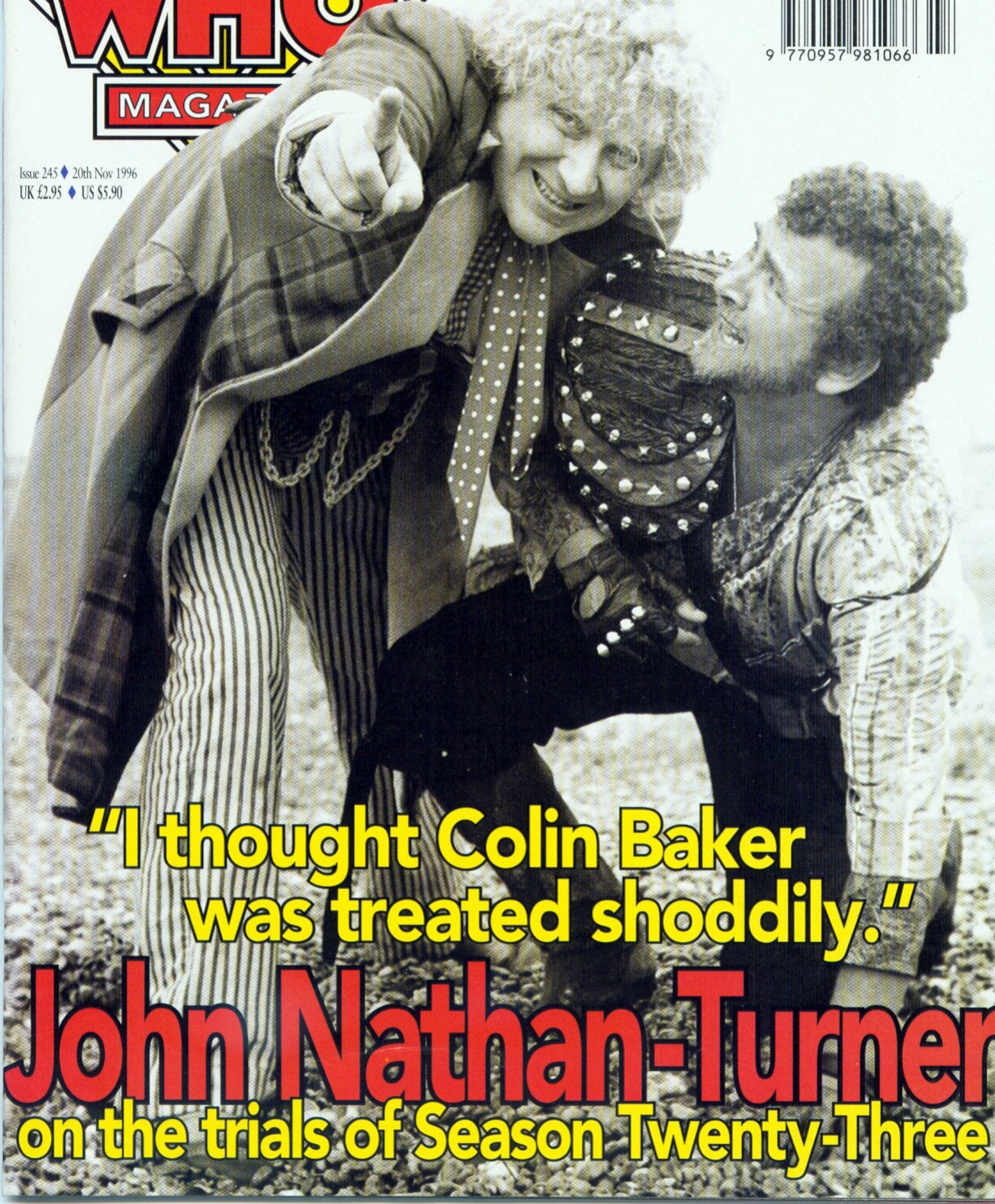


"I thought Colin Baker was treated shoddily."

John Nathan-Turner

on the trials of Season Twenty-Three

"All's right with the world."?
The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs
reach the troubled Season Twenty-Three
on page 6 . . .

One of the big drawbacks of becoming a magazine editor is that you can never relax in a high street newsagent again. As soon as I step into a branch of WH Smith (or wherever), I'm irresistably drawn to the shelf holding *Doctor Who Magazine* . . . and a bizarre ritual takes place (don't be rude).

First, I count the number of issues left. I don't know what I expect to deduce from this total; I have detailed sales figues at my disposal in the office, so I can't seriously extrapolate any greater insights from knowing how many issues are left in the 'Smiths' in Wood Green on a rainy Saturday in October. If there are only, say, two issues left, then I comfort myself with the thought that the edition is selling well. If there are 20 left, then I'm pleased the magazine is so popular and widely available. It's a win-win situation! If there are *no* copies then, of course, the shop must have sold out. Nonetheless, I'm never so sure in that conviction that I hassle the newsagent to stock more, just in case he's never heard of it.

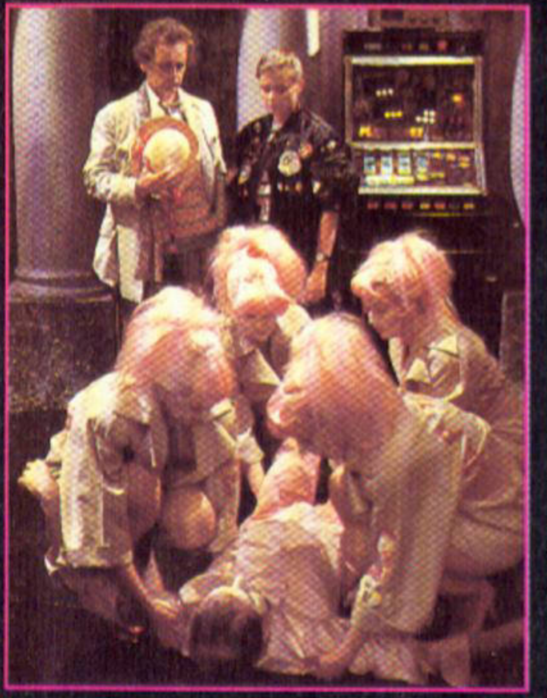
Sometimes, however, there's a crisis, and I find someone standing in an aisle flicking through the magazine. I want to say something – to ask them detailed questions about what they think – but I know that would be vain and stupid. Instead, I watch, I *lurk* – which is probably much less healthy. And it's never a good idea.

A regular reader of the magazine just walks into the shop, grabs the mag and heads for the till. Dozens of others seem to just look at *Gallifrey Guardian* and *Shelf Life*, then skim-read the *JN-T Memoirs* and put the magazine down. We don't put marks-out-of-ten in *Shelf Life* partly because we don't want to make it too easy for them! So if you *are* reading this magazine in a shop and looking through this editorial hoping for news of a new series and you're not actually intending to buy it, then watch out for the suspicious-looking geezer staring at you from behind a copy of *Smash Hits* – that's me.

Sadly, this unhealthy behavior isn't just confined to newsagents . . . If you are the *DWM* reader on the 08.09 from Earlsfield to Waterloo, then I recently watched your face for your every reaction to Issue 241. Sorry about that – but yes, it's difficult to believe we did that to Ace, isn't it?

Enough of this madness. I need the remaining space to remind you that, if you're reading this on 23rd October, then it's 20 years to the day since Sarah Jane left the TARDIS. We should all light a candle or plant a rosebush or something . . .

Gary



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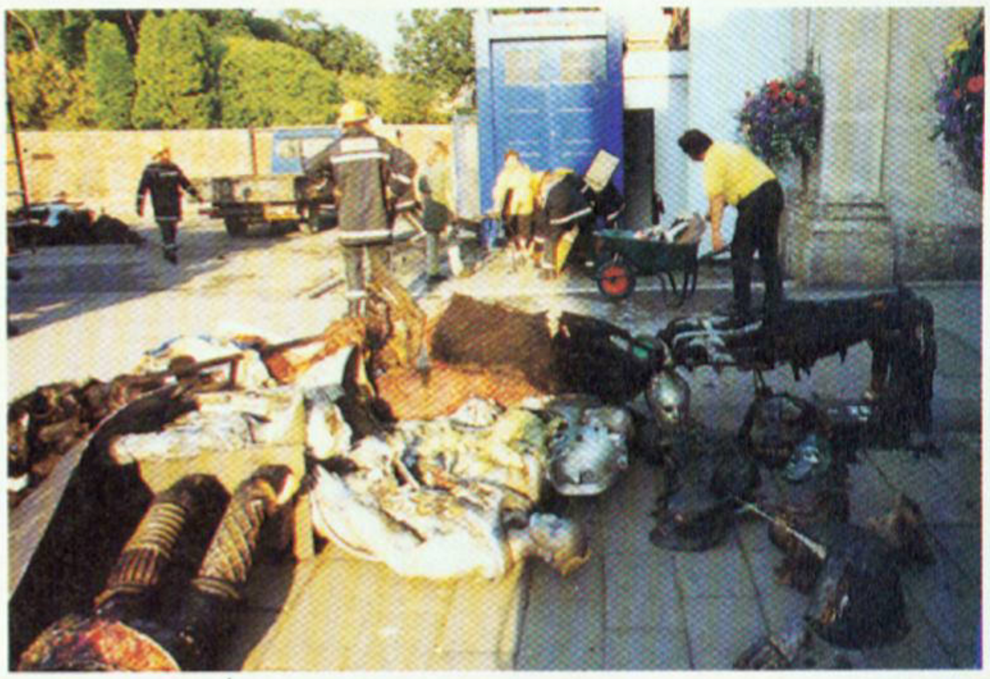
Costumes and props destroyed by fire

Blaze wrecks Longleat *Doctor Who* exhibition



A fire almost completely destroyed the permanent *Doctor Who* exhibition based at Longleat House, near Warminster in Wiltshire, on the afternoon of Sunday 15th September.

The fire is believed to have spread from an initial spark caused by an electrical fault in the K9 unit sited in a display case near the console room area of the display. The robotically animated dog – a fibreglass copy constructed especially for Longleat and not an original prop – was one of the chief casualties of the fire.

Other items which were destroyed or severely damaged included: the Terileptil android from *The Visitation*; the Nucleus of the Swarm from *The Invisible Enemy*; a clutch of Cybermen; and assorted 'heads' of other familiar monsters.

Nine separate fire crews raced to the scene from around Wiltshire and bordering Somerset to fight the fire, which broke out when the exhibition was packed with visitors, all of whom were swiftly evacuated by staff member Dallas Slade. As some of the firemen doused the flames, others engaged in the somewhat surreal activity of carrying various props and monsters to safety.

The Marquis of Bath, the owner of Longleat House, was in France at the time of the blaze, but was kept up to date with all developments. His father, the former Lord Bath, was a self-confessed *Doctor Who* fan and was responsible for first bringing the exhibition to Longleat in 1973. He also hosted and opened the massive *Doctor Who* Celebration convention in 1983.

A spokesman for Longleat, Tim Bentley, told us: "A lot of the exhibits are badly damaged, but we think that some are repairable, so some of the originals can probably go back on show. Fortunately the building which housed the exhibition has escaped the worst of the damage, so we can use it again."

Experience Design and Management Ltd, the independent exhibitions company licensed by BBC Worldwide to operate the permanent *Doctor Who* displays at Longleat and Llangollen in Wales, has already made a commitment to rebuild the exhibition for the 1997 season, with new props and standing sets. The exhibition attracts around 350,000 visitors a year.

Plans are also under development for a special 'relaunch' celebration next spring, along the lines of the recent successful Tom Baker event (see last issue). A similar gathering had been in the initial planning stages before the fire, ironically themed to celebrate the 20th anniversary of K9's first appearance in *Doctor Who*!

Main picture: the casualties are laid outside the exhibition; **Above, left to right:** the Davros model is lifted to safety; exhibition staff member Dallas Slade catalogues the damage; fire crews clear up the debris. Photos and additional reporting Trevor Peacock

Oops, sorry!

We have to offer an apology to readers and the 'Travellers in Time' team for getting both the date and contact phone number of their next *Doctor Who* Weekend completely wrong last issue. However, there is still time to book for the event, which has confirmed special guests of Sylvester McCoy, Elisabeth Sladen and John Nathan-Turner, and takes place in Llangollen on 1st-3rd November. Further details can be obtained by phoning 01978 860 533. Gary and Scott from **DWM** will also be popping along, and it's going to be great fun – don't miss it!

Oh, we'd also like to apologise to the lady in Llangollen who received all the telephone queries about the guest list. We'll bring you flowers when we visit, promise!

Books and Videos for '97

BBC Worldwide is in the process of settling contractual arrangements with writers before making a formal announcement about the line-up for their ranges of all-new *Doctor Who* novels, which launch next June.

However, this hasn't stopped a number of individual writers going on the record about likely deals before they are signed. It seems that readers can confidently expect books from the writing teams of Kate Orman and new writing partner Jonathan Blum, Mike Tucker and Robert Perry (who co-wrote a story in Virgin's *Decalog 2*), and Martin Day and Keith Topping; and from Terrance Dicks (who is likely to launch the Eighth Doctor range with *The Eight Doctors*), John Peel (whose new Dalek tales will finally see print) and Steve Lyons. When the full schedule of books *has* been announced, you'll see it here first!

Next June will also see the publication of a *Doctor Who Postcard Book*, featuring images from the recent TV Movie and the possible release of a 'talking book' version of the novelisation of the same film – a reading by Paul McGann is hoped for.

A video schedule is still not confirmed, but releases are scheduled at the rate of one every two months from January. The Tom Baker adventure *The Leisure Hive* seems the strongest contender for the January slot, followed by a double-pack of the Peter Davison stories *The Awakening* and *Frontios* in March. These will retain the new-look cover design of *The Green Death*. All these dates and titles are subjest to change.

Virgin, meanwhile, has announced that the second and fourth books in its initial set of Bernice Summerfield-led *New Adventures* will be respectively *Dragons' Wrath* by Justin Richards and *Ship of Fools* by Dave Stone.

Shown here are the covers to the final Seventh Doctor *New Adventures*: March's *The Room With No Doors* by Kate Orman, featuring the artwork of Jon Sullivan, and April's *Lungbarrow* by Marc Platt, with a cover by series stalwart Peter Elson. Also shown is the March *Missing Adventure* – David A McIntee's *The Dark Path*, illustrated by Alister Pearson.

THE NEW ADVENTURES
THE ROOM WITH NO DOORS
KATE ORMAN
THE NEW ADVENTURES
LUNGBARROW
MARC PLATT
DOCTOR WHO
THE MISSING ADVENTURES
THE DARK PATH
DAVID A. McINTEE

Outside the Spaceship

Doctors Patrick Troughton's performance as George Jackson in the *Inspector Morse* story *The Dead of Jericho* was repeated by ITV in August. Fledgling cable and satellite channel Granada Plus features various Doctors: Patrick Troughton in *A Family at War*, Tom Baker in *Medics* and Peter Davison in *Love For Lydia* and *Once Upon a Time*.

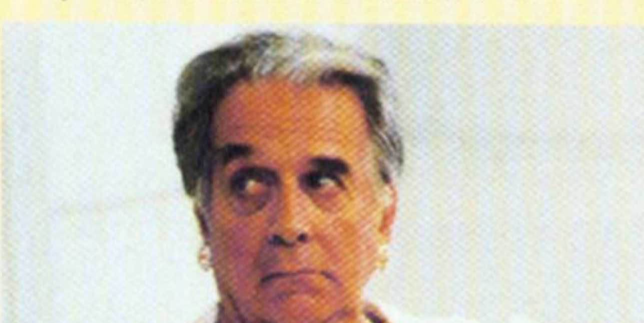
Reruns of *Worzel Gummidge Down Under* starring Jon Pertwee have recently been broadcast in some ITV regions.

Colin Baker played several parts in Dirk Maggs' *Independence Day UK* in August, a spoof Radio 1FM *War of the Worlds*-style broadcast designed to fool unwitting listeners into thinking we were being invaded by aliens.

Sylvester McCoy was at the Edinburgh International Conference Centre during the Festival period appearing as Grandpa Jock in *A Satire of the Four Estaites* by John McGrath. At Christmas he will be playing Dame in *Aladdin* at the White Rock, Hastings.

Paul McGann moved directly to another feature film on 2nd September having completed work on *One Golden Afternoon*. He has been starring as Rob in *Downtime* until October (not be confused with the Reeltime Pictures production), a thriller and love story set in Newcastle in which he and Susan Lynch become trapped in a lift in a decaying high-rise building. Tom Georgeson (*Genesis of the Daleks*/*Logopolis*), Denise Bryson and David Roper are their co-stars in the film scripted by former *Byker Grove* actor Casper Berry due for cinema release in 1997 with subsequent broadcast on Channel 4. Paul narrated *The Fake Four* (Radio 2, 24th August), the story of the Bootleg Beatles, and can be heard reading the very appropriately titled *The Regeneration Trilogy* by Pat Barker, published by HarperCollins Audio. Viewers watching BBC2's *Star Trek Story* five minutes in on 26th August could be forgiven for thinking they had switched on to a rerun of the *Doctor Who* TV Movie, so much was Paul's commentary like his "It was on the planet Skaro . . ." spiel. ITV broadcast his performance as Golic in *Alien*^{3} on 31st August. He has also lent his voice to BBC2's *Testament*, *The Bible in Animation*, a series retelling nine Bible tales, which begins in October.

Valeyard Michael Jayston will make a guest appearance in the current sixth series of ITV's high-rating *Heartbeat*, created by Johnny Byrne (whose scripted episode *Something of Value* went out on 29th September) and now produced by Gerry Mill, director of *The Faceless Ones*.


Nicholas Courtney: life's a drag . . . (sorry!)

Companions Nicholas Courtney sheds his familiar khakis for more elegant attire (see above) in *Satellite City* on October 25th on BBC Wales on 1. He plays Stan, an ex-public schoolboy who always had a secret longing to wear women's clothing, and finally gets the chance when he goes to heaven.

Further to **DWM** 243, William Russell's concluding dates as Claudius in *Hamlet* are: week commencing 5th November – Buxton Opera House (Box office phone 01298 72190), w/c 12th Nov – Cheltenham Everyman Theatre (B/O 01242 572573), w/c 19th Nov – Reading Hexagon Theatre (B/O 01189 591591), w/c 26th Nov – Barnstaple Queen's Theatre (B/O 01271 24242).

Frazer Hines, who has been cast in panto this Christmas in *Jack In the Beanstalk* at Northampton, has had permission refused by Yorkshire Television for his character to be called King Emmerdale, resulting in initial promotional material having to be altered.

Louise Jameson played Emma in ITV's *The Upper Hand* episode *In Marriage We Trust* on 16th September alongside Joe McGann with series director Michael Owen Morris (*The Awakening*) behind the cameras.

Mary Tamm recently appeared as Diana in *The Maintenance Man* by Richard Harris at the Sonning Mill Theatre.

Sophie Aldred is the co-presenter of Saturday morning ITV show *WOW!* (which stands for Watch Out Weekend!) which will run until Christmas. Martin Clunes said he was looking forward to meeting her when he guested on 28th September, recalling his first major TV role as Lon in *Snakedance*: "I watched myself recently and was just awful. I will enjoy comparing notes with Sophie." Sophie also presents *It's A Mystery* (ITV Thursdays).

Villains Eric Roberts plays one of a group of misfits trying to hold on to their sanity in the anthology film *American Strays*, which opened in the US on 13th September. It has been described as "the most bizarre and unrepentantly subversive comic vision since John Waters' *Pink Flamingos*." Roberts' performance as New Orleans cop Walter D'Arcangelo in the 1996 TV movie *Dark Angel* has now been broadcast on the Fox Network in the US.

Producers Philip Hinchcliffe's film *An Awfully Big Adventure* starring Hugh Grant and directed by Mike Newell (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*) received its UK television premiere on Sky Movies on 23rd October. Meanwhile, his latest film *Total Eclipse* (see **DWMs** 224 & 227) directed by Agnieszka Holland, will finally open in the UK on 29th November.

Dominic May

This must be the place I waited years to leave. . .

THE JOHN NATHAN-TURNER MEMOIRS

CHAPTER NINE – SEASON TWENTY-THREE

Doctor Who's longest-serving producer continues his revealing account of his years with the series

Our planning for Season Twenty-Three began in earnest in July 1985, when we held a script conference with an auspicious group of writers, planning not only the general shape of the season, but the intricacies of the various stories that would feature in it. My script editor, Eric Saward, had selected some of the attendees thanks to some prompting from Robert Holmes – who was at this stage scheduled to write only the first story. They were all well-respected script-writers, mostly Bob's contemporaries, and the meeting was long and detailed. The full attendance list was, as best as I can recall; Philip Martin, David Halliwell, Jack Trevor Story, Bob Holmes himself plus Saward and myself.

As it turned out, we later pursued only Philip and Bob's script proposals. This took several months of pencil-chewing, waiting for scene breakdowns etc, during which time we slotted in the annual leave for the front office team – and one rather more adventurous outing . . .

In July Colin Baker rang me to say he was doing a charity fund-raising parachute jump and asked if anyone in the office would like to join in, and in turn get the BBC press office involved. I agreed, tentatively, as did Saward and my secretary Sarah Lee, and Colin said he'd be back in touch in a few weeks. A couple of days later, another call revealed that the jump was to be in just a few days' time!

Sure enough, we all found ourselves on a train out of London to join the Red Devils. We met our instructor, Sean, who informed us that although we were along for a two-day course, we might be ruled unsuitable for the jump at any time. Secretly I was banking on this – frankly, I didn't want to do it all, as I suffer from vertigo. After our briefing, the four of us plus actor Ian Ogilvy (*Return of the Saint*) were put through a morning of intensive fitness assessments. I was convinced that, by lunch, I'd be watching the others from a safe distance. Not so! To my amazement, by the end of the first day, I was still part of the team. The next morning our training was intensified, our physical prowess put to greater strengths, and just before lunch we were examined by a doctor who would decide whether our bodies were up to this major adventure. I walked in to the doctor's room with the confidence that my being over-weight, a heavy smoker and having something of a penchant for the devil's brew would make me a non-starter. I could barely drink my glass of fortified milk when he pronounced me A1 fit!

After lunch there was more practice, final briefings, and then we were whisked to the take-off area. Sean told us that even after we'd put on all the special gear at the site, there would be almost an hour before we had to board the plane, which had a gaping hole on one side from which we were to leap. Fine, I thought, there's still time to pull out! Sean did emphasize, though, that once in the air we were doing the jump whether we liked it or not! The next hour was taken up with photo sessions and interviews – even the BBC internal magazine *Aerial* was there! We drew lots for the order of jumping; Sarah was to be first, Saward second, me third, then Colin and finally Ian Ogilvy. Suddenly Sean told us to clamber aboard – none of us had any time to think, and suddenly we were up, up and away!

It's odd how fear takes people in different ways; as we sped from the ground, Sarah couldn't stop talking, I withdrew, as did Saward, Ogilvy kept laughing and Colin was distressingly ebullient.

Above, left to right: The major players in Season Twenty-Three's *The Trial of a Time Lord*: the Doctor (Colin Baker), Sabalom Glitz (Tony Selby), Peri (Nicola Bryant), Mel (Bonnie Langford) and the Valeyard (Michael Jayston).
Photos © BBC Video

Far left: John Nathan-Turner.

Right, top to bottom: Sabalom Glitz (Tony Selby) sizes up to Katryca (Joan Sims); The Inquisitor (Lynda Bellingham); the Doctor (Colin Baker), with Humker and Tandrell (Billy McColl and Siôn Tudor Owen), confronts Drathro. Photos © BBC Video

It was time to jump! Sarah leapt out with the largest plastic smile I've ever seen! Then Saward refused to jump – he didn't say a word, he grunted, bared his teeth and shook his head. Words from Sean didn't affect him; he just kept grunting and shaking his head. It was frightening to watch, and had a devastating effect on those of us left in the plane.

Then Sean took control, and Saward was dragged, still snarling, to the gaping hole and pushed out!

I gulped! Well, I thought, I've been thrown out of better places than this and *I'm* not going to be pushed, so I went through the rehearsed procedure with terrific determination and so much statuesque poise that Colin said afterwards that I looked – when framed in that doorway of blue sky – like Claudette Colbert in one of her greatest movies (For those under the age of 90, Claudette was a famous dramatic Hollywood film-star – according to Colin!).

Thankfully, I drifted reasonably safely down to the ground, but landed badly and sprained my ankle. The others all had near-perfect landings, save for Sarah who broke a bone in her toe. The jump was an experience that I wouldn't have missed, but one that I never wish to repeat. *And* I still have vertigo!

Still, such high-jinks were just a few days out of the office. Back in London the months rolled on, and we were still having difficulty finding the right scripts for the new season. Even by October we had only the two offerings from Philip and Bob that we were definitely pursuing. We commissioned a four-parter from former script editor Christopher H Bidmead, which I think was called *Last Adventure* but became *Pinacotheca*. Saward took much longer than myself to respond to this script, which was unusual, as it was normally the other way round. It was therefore at quite a late stage, as far as standard procedures are concerned, that we decided not to pursue it. Sadly, I am aware that Chris took offence at this delay and the way he felt he was treated. My only concern was with how expensive visualising the ideas in the script would be – it was a good story written with Chris' usual style and flair for the extraordinary, but perhaps a little too ambitious for our budget.

I have always thought Chris blamed me for the decision not to proceed with his story, but this is not the case. I still have Saward's report on the script, and I was once tempted to send it to Chris to set the record straight, but didn't.

Production dates were starting to loom, and the pantry was fairly bare. Finally we called in Pip and Jane Baker for our remaining four-part slot and asked Bob to tackle the final two-parter.

However, before recording on the season began, before we even had all the scripts in place, I cast Bonnie Langford as our new companion – Melanie Bush from Pease Pottage. As Joan Rivers says, 'Can we talk?'

Bonnie played two obnoxious characters in her youth – Baby June in *Gypsy*, and Violet Elizabeth in *Just William*. Some short-sighted people think that Bonnie can therefore only play horrid, sickly juveniles, but this is simply not true and never has been. Bonnie is a fine performer, 100 percent professional, and highly talented. If you think differently, then that is your prerogative, but I wonder what other productions you've seen her in, if any?

I deliberately wanted to cast a high profile artiste such as Bonnie as Mel – a character I devised – not only to capitalise on her enormous talent, but also as part and parcel of my attempts to gain publicity for the long-awaited return of the show. I stand by the decision. It worked. The photo of Bonnie and Colin on high wires made a tremendous splash and there was no doubt in the minds of the public that *Doctor Who* was coming back. Also it cemented my friendship with Mark Furness, who was the producer of *Peter Pan* at the Aldwych Theatre in which Bonnie was starring, which eventually resulted in the play *Doctor Who – The Ultimate Adventure*. Oh, you didn't like that either? There's no pleasing some people!

At this time we had a new editor of Picture Publicity called Les Wilson, affectionately known as Sir Les Patterson. Now he was and is a large gentleman, who tended to wear baggy suits with huge lapels. When he walked onto the stage of the Aldwych, dressed this way, just before we revealed Colin and Bonnie high above the ground, one reporter yelled, 'I thought this was *Doctor Who* meets *Peter Pan*, not *Guys and Dolls*!"

Les was wonderful and supportive, and despite my protests that "there's *nothing* there!", he took Bonnie all the way down to Pease Pottage to do a photo-shoot that could have been done as effectively in the park behind TV Centre. He called Daleks "Darlects", and the TARDIS was "TARDIST", but he served the show well and he certainly helped to make sure that everyone knew that *Doctor Who* was back in the autumn.

THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET

Our season was to comprise just one epic 12-part story – *The Trial of a Time Lord*. But as I'm sure you're aware, this tale broke down into three four-part sections of 'evidence' and a two-part 'verdict'. For our own purposes, each of these stories within the big story had its own working title. For the first, Bob Holmes' *The Mysterious Planet*, I offered the director's chair to Nicholas Mallett.

Although we'd had the whole hiatus period, there still wasn't a finalised script to show Nick before he decided whether he wished to accept my offer – nonetheless, he agreed to do the story. I had already selected Lynda Bellingham to play the Inquisitor and Michael Jayston as the Valeyard. I'd also cast Tony Selby as Glitz, asking him to gain some weight (after his having been on a diet for several months!)

When Jonathan Powell, my Head of Department, read the rehearsal script, he wasn't at all impressed, and was particularly critical of the characters Glitz and Dibber – which I thought were great, typically Holmesian, characters. In fact, Powell requested that the script be re-written. Saward was extremely angry at this criticism of the script, possibly because he was so friendly with Bob Holmes, but thanks to some persuasive conversations with Nicholas and myself, Jonathan agreed to some very minor changes only, and everyone calmed down.

> **Along with my other duties, I was now to be *Doctor Who*'s script editor as well.**

We did a 'back in the old routine' photo-call at a marvellous ancient farm in Hampshire, where we were shooting on location, organised by Sir Les and fellow publicity officer Kevin (Tessie) O'Shea. All the old Fleet Street faces turned up, including Alistair Loos (who regular readers will remember from our sorties to Amsterdam and Lanzarote).

The location shoot was cold and windy with rain and hail. As usual we ploughed on. The evenings were spent in our hotel with members of the cast including Tony Selby, fellow guest star Joan Sims (who looked, by her own admission, "like Bonnie Langford's grandmother!") and Colin having pudding-eating competitions! I recall Joan telling us that the weather conditions we were working under were nothing compared to *Carry on Camping*, where the location site was so waterlogged and muddy, they simply sprayed the ground green and carried on. Ah, the glamour of show-business!

I recall that during the rehearsals for the second and final recording of this story, there came a panic phone-call from the rehearsal block. Two episodes were under-running! So, as Saward was on leave at the time and Bob Holmes had been taken ill, I decided that there was only one thing to do: write the material myself. I will never reveal which two-and-a-half minutes were written by me!

Meanwhile, our visual effects team had been hard at work in London. The first shot of the season was to be that wonderful approach to the space station, which proved to be the most expensive shot produced during my entire era. It cost eight to nine thousand pounds, very little money in TV production nowadays, and we tried to use it several times: not exactly to get our money's worth, but simply because it looked so splendid.

The Trial set itself was enormous and stunning, but it was so late being erected and dressed for this first story, I persuaded Nicholas to attempt the impossible and rehearse/record what we had to do in a few hours rather than the whole day that had been originally scheduled. With an overrun we managed it. So far, so good.

The good mood was not to last. During this period, we had been working on Parts Nine to Twelve – the story that the Doctor would offer in his rebuttal of the Valeyard's case. we asked Pip and Jane to write a version of *Murder on the Orient Express* set in space. It had to be totally studio-bound.

When the second episode of this script arrived, Saward read it, said it was dreadful and demanded to know what we were going to do about it. I said, "Fix it, of course, we're running short of time." It was ironic, I think, that after all the time we'd had to plan, we were yet again chasing our tails script-wise. Some people, myself included, do find the adrenaline pumping faster when you're working against tight deadlines but, in this instance, we really shouldn't have been doing so.

I'd tried to capitalise on my time; I'd cast the new companion, booked directors, requested the most reliable costume, make-up, set design and visual effects teams. I was annoyed that even with so much preparation and 'thinking time', scripts were having to be rushed.

We'd tried some very experienced writers with little or no knowledge of the current show, but *Doctor Who* is something you can either write or you can't. CVs aren't important; if someone has the ability to tune in to the style of the show, however experienced or inexperienced, they should be encouraged. It is important, however, to establish whether they have that ability or not, and that, it seems to me, is the script editor's job.

Soon after this script delivery I was asked to accompany the licensing executives on an unannounced visit to a store that was selling unlicensed *Doctor Who* gear. When we arrived there, to our surprise, we were expected. My secretary had called the shop, not realising we had been caught in a traffic jam, requesting to speak to me immediately. This rather put paid to the licensing brigade's attempt to find illegal merchandise, though certain totally empty shelves were a little suspicious. More to the point, though, the news from base was that Saward had submitted his resignation. He had said that he hated *Doctor Who* and the way that it was run.

I returned to the office to see the letter myself and went to see Jonathan Powell. Jonathan suggested I try to woo Saward back, particularly as he had no other script editors available. And, of

Right: Drathro, the L3 robot. Photo © BBC Video

Above: Sil (Nabil Shaban) and Kiv (Christopher Ryan) negotiate with an alien ambassador with a very familiar face.

Above right: Crozier (Patrick Ryecart) prepares to operate on Yrcanos (Brian Blessed). Photos © BBC Video

course, there was also the question of the concluding episode to the season. Bob Holmes was still unwell, so Saward had taken over the responsibility for writing Part Fourteen. I agreed to Jonathan's suggestion and tried to persuade Saward to return, but to no avail – although he agreed to continue with the unfinished script. So, along with my other duties, I was now to be *Doctor Who*'s script editor as well.

MINDWARP

On 24th May 1986, while we were rehearsing the first studio session on Philip Martin's story – which was to form the second part of the Valeyard's evidence against the Doctor – Saward told me that Bob Holmes had passed away. Everyone was sad, but Saward was devastated. He and Bob had struck up a great friendship over a relatively short period of time. Whether this was part of the reason for the events that were to follow, I can't say . . . there is only one person who can.

Guest star Brian Blessed was enormous fun on this show – I hadn't worked with him since my stint on *Z Cars*. On *Doctor Who*, he held up the producer's run-through one day to complain very loudly and with great humour that he'd just caught sight of the camera script and, as he had so few close-ups, it could only mean that the director, the late Ron Jones, was having an affair with Colin Baker – who had far too many close-ups. He asked me to put a stop to it . . . Of course the whole company was in hysterics!

I think that producers should always be on site when the show is being recorded, rather than staying in their glamorous offices.

Unusually for us, we recorded the location material for this story after all the studio recording was complete. Two production managers scoured the south coast of England for days searching for a pebble beach with a cave entrance, and found one a mile from where I live on the coast! This beach is actually part of a nudist area and, for a few days before our brief two-day shoot, the local police went down by the sea and asked the regular naturists to keep their clothes on while the BBC came to film *Doctor Who*.

Of course, when we all arrived very early on the first morning there was no-one around, but as it got warmer, so the beach got busier. The sun-worshippers kept their costumes on for at least half an hour after they arrived but soon they were stripped off, totally disinterested in what we were doing. As fate would have it, a representative from personnel, a rather starchy lady in fact, arrived to see how my new secretary, Kate Easteal, was getting on as we worked, surrounded by naked bodies. I've never seen anyone trying so hard not to look embarrassed! Things went from the sublime to the ridiculous later in the day when the TARDIS got washed out to sea, because someone on the team had got the tides wrong!

I knew that various discussions had taken place earlier in the studio about the Valeyard's faked evidence, and having read what Colin Baker has said subsequently, I admit that there was some confusion among the cast and crew.

In my mind, however, there had been no confusion. Every time the Doctor acted uncharacteristically in this story, it was because the viewer was seeing evidence fabricated by the Valeyard. This is what had been discussed with the writer and script editor. However, I do recall Colin bringing up the subject on the beach while we were recording the 'Rock of Sorrows' sequence.

Colin told me that he'd had difficulties discovering what was causing these 'un-Doctorish' outbursts. Was it, Colin wanted to know, the effect of Crozier's mind probe? Was it the faked evidence? Or was there a sub-text he'd missed?

He later asked me for a definitive line on this location scene at least, where he was being so decidedly ghastly to Peri. When Colin had asked about this some weeks before, after first receiving the script, I'd referred him to the then-script editor. Why have a dog and bark yourself? He felt he hadn't received a satisfactory answer, so I told him that the scene, like the rest of the 'strangeness', was definitely faked evidence and he should play it as such, with almost super-real gusto. I must stress here that Ron Jones was also a little confused and, as always happens with most on-going series, directors refer to producers. Frankly, you can't expect a director to read all 14 episodes of a serial when some of them haven't been written yet! I explained briefly to him what was going on in the episodes that were still being written and he admitted it sounded so complicated that he was glad I could deal with Colin's queries. This is perhaps proof that producers should always be on site when the show is being recorded, rather than staying in their glamorous offices . . . Not that mine was glamorous, it was red!

One thing I had tried to organise from that office, however, was the licensing of marsh-minnows, Sil's disgusting-looking food. In studio, these were simply peaches soaked in green dye, but I was keen to market them as some form of confectionary. Script writer Philip Martin was, not unexpectedly, as keen as myself to see Sil's marsh-minnows in sweet shops throughout the country, but

After the hiatus I wanted an ending that clearly implied the show was back in business, with no question mark looming over its future.

although my colleagues at BBC Licensing had received a degree of interest from sweet manufacturers, this never happened.

As the location shoot was so near my home, I decided to throw a party for the entire unit after we wrapped. It was Nicola's last story, so she was very much the focus of the evening, and she generously presented Colin and myself with 'Hollywood' canvas location chairs. Colin's had a star emblazoned on the back and mine simply 'JNT'. The first time I took mine to location, I felt a little strange, but when the propmen said they'd take charge of it and set it up for me at every new location, I was delighted.

Back in London, Dave Chapman, my regular electronic effects operator, did some splendid work with his Paintbox equipment colouring the beach, the sky (adding planets etc) and the sea, as Ron and I wanted our location footage to have a totally alien feel. I asked for Dave's services on every story that I did and he ended up doing most of them; he is talented, laid-back, charming, but when Dave said, "That won't do!', I always knew he was right, and he never cried wolf. If we were running out of time and shot a take that we had to accept, though in our hearts wanted to do again, we knew that it would give Dave hours of extra work. He'd quietly say "Not ideal, but I'll do my best." I'd add, to break the tension for the director, "And we'll put a symphony over it!" This is not intended to trivialise what we were doing, but that studio clock kept ticking and our pockets were not bottomless! We had to get it done, as best we could, within the time and money allocated. And don't forget, dear reader, time means money!

TIME INC

When Saward delivered the script for the concluding episode of the Trial, there were certain things I wished him to change, and again he agreed. When the new draft was sent to me, he had made some of the requested changes but not all. In particular I disliked his ending which had the Valeyard and the Doctor tumbling through the time vortex and the Keeper of the Matrix, I think, saying they would stay trapped there for all eternity or until a miracle saved them. That is a gross simplification, but you probably get the picture. After the hiatus I wanted an ending that clearly implied the show was back in business, with no question-mark looming over its future. Also, I did not wish to 'waste' one of the Doctor's regenerative forms on the Valeyard. I had always requested that the Valeyard be considered the black side of the Doctors' character locked somewhere between the last two regenerative forms, so that future producers still had Doctors 12 and 13 at their disposal; I always referred to the Valeyard as Doctor 12A.

Saward found all this, by his written admission, difficult to grasp. He claimed that someone he referred to as 'AR' had heard me say that *I* would do the rewrites if Saward didn't comply with my changes. I went through the office address book and my own, and the only 'AR' I could find was former script editor Anthony Root, who I hadn't seen for ages and would never stoop to indulging in such crass gossip, so it couldn't have been him. So, cap in hand, I wrote to Saward saying that this made no sense, that I'd said no such thing, and that I didn't know an 'AR' other than Tony. He called my reply "typically patronising" and withdrew his script for good. 10 years later I still have no idea who 'AR' is; if anyone does, please send the solution on the back of a £20 note to **Doctor Who Magazine**.

Seriously, I was bewildered by this. As you may know, the BBC or any other TV organisation for that matter, reserves the right to editorial control but the script itself remains the copyright of the writer. I simply would never claim to be willing to forcibly rewrite a script without the consent of the writer, and though I've had ups and downs with many script writers along the years, I think there are many who would back me up on this.

Still, I now needed a script and I needed it fast. I had 10 days and a couple of packets of photographs of locations planned for Part Thirteen and Saward's Part Fourteen. I called in Pip and Jane Baker, who are intensely professional, and they immediately agreed to tackle the problem. I insisted that the entire briefing session was witnessed and minuted so that no-one could say that the new writers had been passed information about what had been planned or written before. Naturally they saw no earlier versions of Part Fourteen. All scripts remaining in the production office were shredded, and Pip and Jane disappeared home. Their script was delivered soon after, and the ideas others had found difficult were successfully incorporated. One person was very unhappy, though: James Bree. His very good part as the Keeper of the Matrix in the previous Part Fourteen had virtually disappeared in the Pip and Jane version.

Initial location recording took place at Camber Sands, fairly near the seaside home of Neil Tennant – who wrote the song from which this chapter of my memoirs takes its title – and was fun, apart from when the key to the hut we were using as the Master's TARDIS couldn't be traced and we had to break the lock to make the sequence work!

Recording late at night at our next location, the Gladstone Pottery Museum, was bizarre, though. The place had such a strange atmosphere and it seemed so weird to be recording *Doctor Who* with hardly any non-speaking artistes. However, it resulted in a close-knit community who got up after lunch and usually went to bed as dawn broke. I say *usually*, for after the last night-shoot, Mike Jayston, Geoff Hughes, Tony Selby, Colin, Chris Clough, myself and company said "goodnight" to Pip and Jane at about four in the morning and we were still in the bar when they passed through, having had breakfast, several hours later!

We also had a couple of fun afternoons out at Alton Towers and the Garden Festival, where Geoff Hughes got the most attention

Below:
Pepe the Vervoid?
Photo © BBC Video

with hordes of children yelling "Edd-ie-Yeats, Edd-ie-Yeats" in a football chant fashion. The Gladstone Pottery Museum wanted to issue a commemorative plate decorated with an illustration of the Fantasy Factory, but one prototype, which was later presented to me, was as far as the idea went.

The techno-babble in the Pip and Jane script was, as usual, thoroughly researched and accurate, but some of it was a little melodramatic perhaps *because* of its accuracy – but then, I always thought the same about "reverse the polarity of the neutron flow." I recall Mike Jayston asking to change "ray phase shift" as it sounded like another actor! It was a correct term, however, so we stuck with it.

As for the studio sessions on this story . . . It is quite true that the news of Peri not being dead, but rather married to King Yrcanos, was a late addition to this script, and it was my decision and mine alone. Though Peri's demise had been splendid – with the best bald cap I've ever seen – I was concerned about any hint of a down-beat ending. Perhaps I was over-reacting, but I was also concerned that we tackle head-on the question of the Valeyard's faking of evidence, and the news of Peri's survival, complete with that rosy tint to the picture, was one was of visibly demonstating that much of what the Valeyard had said was not true.

I'm still in two minds about whether I like it or not, but it is what I wanted at the time. It was also part of my attempt to leave our audience with a feeling of security this time. We had ended seasons on cliff-hangers successfully before, but after the long transmission gap, I was keen to demonstrate that we were back on course, and as Robert Browning wrote, "All's right with the world."

Sadly, though, not everything was as rosy in my world, and the production of our final 'story' to go before the cameras – Parts Nine to Twelve of the Trial – was to prove rocky.

THE VERVOIDS

In contrast to what was to follow, there was a light-hearted atmosphere in the rehearsals and studios for Pip and Jane Baker's murder mystery story. The rehearsals in particular were very high-spirited. Some people think that actors who giggle a lot when rehearsing are being unprofessional, but in fact it's the reverse. They are usually ridding themselves of 'the giggles' before the most important stage of the TV process – the recording. Both of our main guest stars on this story – Honor Blackman and Michael Craig – are great gigglers and it was an absolute joy to have them with us.

During one studio session, we fixed up one of the Vervoids with a pipe attached to a smoke machine, so that the creature would exude smoke as it withered. The Vervoids were played by male dancers to give them a distinct stylistic movement, and this particular Vervoid was a dancer/singer called Pepe Borza, who had a mass of West End musical credits. When Shirley Coward, our vision mixer (who had, many years earlier, effected the transmogrification of William Hartnell to Patrick Troughton) heard Ian Fraser, the production manager, calling one of the Vervoids "Pepe", she was virtually doubled up with laughter across her mixing desk. Tears were streaming from her eyes as she keep repeating "Pepe the Vervoid?" incredulously. However, 10 minutes later no-one was laughing, as the smoke gun developed a fault and Pepe nearly choked to death on the fumes and had to be rapidly stripped from his costume.

The first episode of this section ended with some screams from Bonnie Langford as the electric charges went off around the Vervoid's specimen cages. I asked if we could get Bonnie to scream in the key of 'F'. Director Chris Clough asked why, and I explained that the first note of the closing credits is an 'F', so if Bonnie screamed in the same key it would give us an impressive invisible sound edit. Bonnie duly obliged – and very effective it is too.

However, this creative mood was soon to be threatened by an unpleasant surprise I received on one of the other recording days for this story.

I had nipped to the office early to deal with urgent problems before proceeding to Wood Lane for the studio. Just as I was going out of the door the press officer, Kevin O'Shea, called and said that there was an article in a science fiction magazine, *Starburst* I think, in which Saward was interviewed and it was extremely nasty stuff.

Kevin met me in the tea bar next to the studio and gave me the magazine in an envelope. He said he would come into the producer's studio office in an hour, adding ominously, "There are follow-up enquiries from other publications!" I sipped my coffee and ate a ham roll. Pip and Jane advised, nay begged, me not to read it. I went to that office, turned down the talkback, and read the article.

Kevin had been right. It was nasty. Saward attacked not only the show, but my own decisions, abilities and motives in an extremely personal and abusive way. I shook with rage. How could someone I'd worked with for so long say such things? If I was that awful, why had he stayed on the show for five years? It seemed to have been written with the venom of someone who'd been fired, not someone who'd resigned. Kevin came in with a superbly written statement and I signed it. I asked him to get a copy of the article to Jonathan Powell as quickly as possible.

For the first time, I spent the entire morning in the studio producer's office. Many producers spend all their time in the 'Tomb of Death' as I called it, but I preferred being in the main

Right: The Vervoids add to their compost heap.

Above right: Glitz and the Doctor enter the Valeyard's world of the Matrix.

Photos © BBC Video

Left: Pucker up! The Doctor and Glitz get better acquainted.

gallery; unless there were private conversations – with script editors or writers, for example – to be had, or urgent telephone calls to be made.

At lunch I realised that everyone was treating me with kid gloves; clearly the news had got around, and copies of said magazine were doubtless being read in costume rooms, under the booms, in the scenic servicing dock, etc. I quickly formed the opinion that this wouldn't do at all. So, just in the way these memoirs have been given titles of songs I decided to "pick myself up, dust myself down and start all over again!" After all, over the years, I've worked with people whose mothers have died overnight and they've still turned up for work, people who had weathered far worse personal tragedies than a bitter magazine article by a former employee, so it was "lights, camera, action and let's get this show on the road." Furthermore I was being paid to do a job – a job I loved – why should anything stop me doing it?

It was tough, though, especially when the news hit the pages of the major trade paper at the time, *The Stage and Television Today*. However, I received so many charming letters and cards from people I'd worked with; all of which meant a great deal to me. I will always remember the first – which was hand-delivered to the studio by *Mark of the Rani* director Sarah Hellings.

I sought advice from both the BBC and an independent solicitor, who both thought the issue should be pursued. I discussed this with Jonathan Powell and he told me not to bother. He kept saying, "*He's* gone and you're still here!"

The final recording of this block marked the end of recording for the whole season, and as usual there was a party with cabaret. Shirley Coward was introduced to Pepe the Vervoid; Jess Whitfield, another Vervoid, told some very *risqué* jokes (Philip Martin's youngster was rapidly ushered away from earshot). Malcolm Tierney delivered "*Hamlet* by the worst actor in the history of the English-speaking theatre" and other members of the cast and crew did odd specialities. It was all great fun, especially after a few drinks, but the highlight of the cabaret was seeing Malcolm and David Allister, both in grotesque drag, as two cleaners supposedly cleaning-up after the *Doctor Who* show party. It was stuffed with in-jokes: "look at this full ashtray, it *must* be JN-T's" and so on.

Saward attacked not only the show, but my own decisions, abilities and motives in an extremely personal and abusive way.

THE AFTERMATH

And so it was all over. It had been the most turbulent time on the show for me: I had enjoyed my time as script editor as well as producer, but it had taken its toll. I was exhausted both physically and emotionally.

At the end of November 1986 it was agreed I could leave *Doctor Who* once and for all. I was pleased, until Jonathan said there was one last thing he'd like me to do, other than keeping an eye on the remaining transmissions and dealing with any resultant queries. I was to tell Colin Baker that there was going to be a new Doctor. Jonathan said that three years was now the optimum period for a Doctor, and Colin's three were over. Despite my protestations to the contrary, Jonathan said the hiatus year should be counted as part of the Doctor's reign.

I called Colin, fixed lunch as soon as he could make it – certainly within two days, and it may even have been the following day. On the day of our meeting, there was an enquiry from Fleet Street to our press officer, asking if Colin was to be replaced. The BBC fan moles were at it again, I suspect! The enquirer was stalled, and I decided to tell Colin straight away by telephone, rather than risk his embarrassment should he start getting peculiar calls at home. Not surprisingly, Colin decided to postpone lunch. He was offended, annoyed and upset.

I sympathised and had many of the same feelings myself. I felt Colin was being treated shoddily.

It may sound odd, but despite all this, and despite being exhausted, what I wanted was a change, not a rest. I was spending two weeks of that year's leave back in the theatre with what was to be a record-breaking (here's that word again) *panto* in Brighton starring Colin, Wendy Richard, Hugh Lloyd and Carol Kaye. On the Friday before the first Monday of rehearsals, I was called again to see Jonathan Powell. Guess what! No, he hadn't changed his mind about Colin . . . He wanted to tell me that I was to produce Season Twenty-Four of *Doctor Who*. Again I was left with no choice. I protested that I didn't have enough time – there were no scripts on the shelf, no script editor, no Doctor, no nothing. My mind was in a turmoil. By the time the Brighton show opened, there'd be Christmas itself and then New Year . . . And what of the other project I'd been promised? Jonathan said something quite brief like "You'll cope," as I was shown out.

Under my breath I said something equally brief.

I told my colleague and fellow producer, Ken Riddington, what had happened and asked his opinion. He said, "The trouble is you've turned *Doctor Who* into such an industry that no other fool would agree to do it!" Except he didn't use the word "fool".

Well, they say when the going gets tough, the tough get going, so it was on to rehearsals for *Cinderella* with plenty of eyes and teeth – even if my teeth were slightly gritted. I was cheered by how sympathetic Colin was when he heard *my* news – he commiserated with me as much as I had with him.

Below: Colin Baker makes his final appearance as the Doctor. Photos © BBC Video

I still see Colin every few months, and not just at *Doctor Who* gatherings either. Before I go this month, I can't resist a few words about him here as, within these memoirs, he departs from *Doctor Who*; though in best Master-tradition, he'll be back – and sooner than you think!

Colin amuses me. He is witty and articulate, reliable and direct. If you ask for an opinion, you get it. He is a good man, a good actor, a good husband to Marion, a good father to his children and a good long-distance friend.

And my enduring memories? I remember our buying endless pairs of sunglasses together when we discovered we both had a fetish for them. I remember our trying to corpse each other during a live radio interview with a presenter who had no idea who either of us were. And I remember our rushing out of the sea on Miami Beach with Nicola Bryant, when his brand-new high-fashion white trunks, which were on back to front, became transparent.

So now you want to know what you'll be hearing about next month. Well, Mystic Meg has become something of a phenomenon recently, so I'll take a brief look into *my* crystal ball for a taster for chapter 10 . . .

I see a new Doctor, script editor, and companion, three new writers, the return of Kate O'Mara from the *Dynasty* set and the 150th story. I see some stunning guest performances and I'll reveal that Ken Dodd was the third choice for the Tollmaster – who were the other two? I see a Pied Piper, a fifties' pastiche and an extra who looks like Dot Cotton. They say "Life's a lottery" . . . Look no further than next issue (Ooooooh!).

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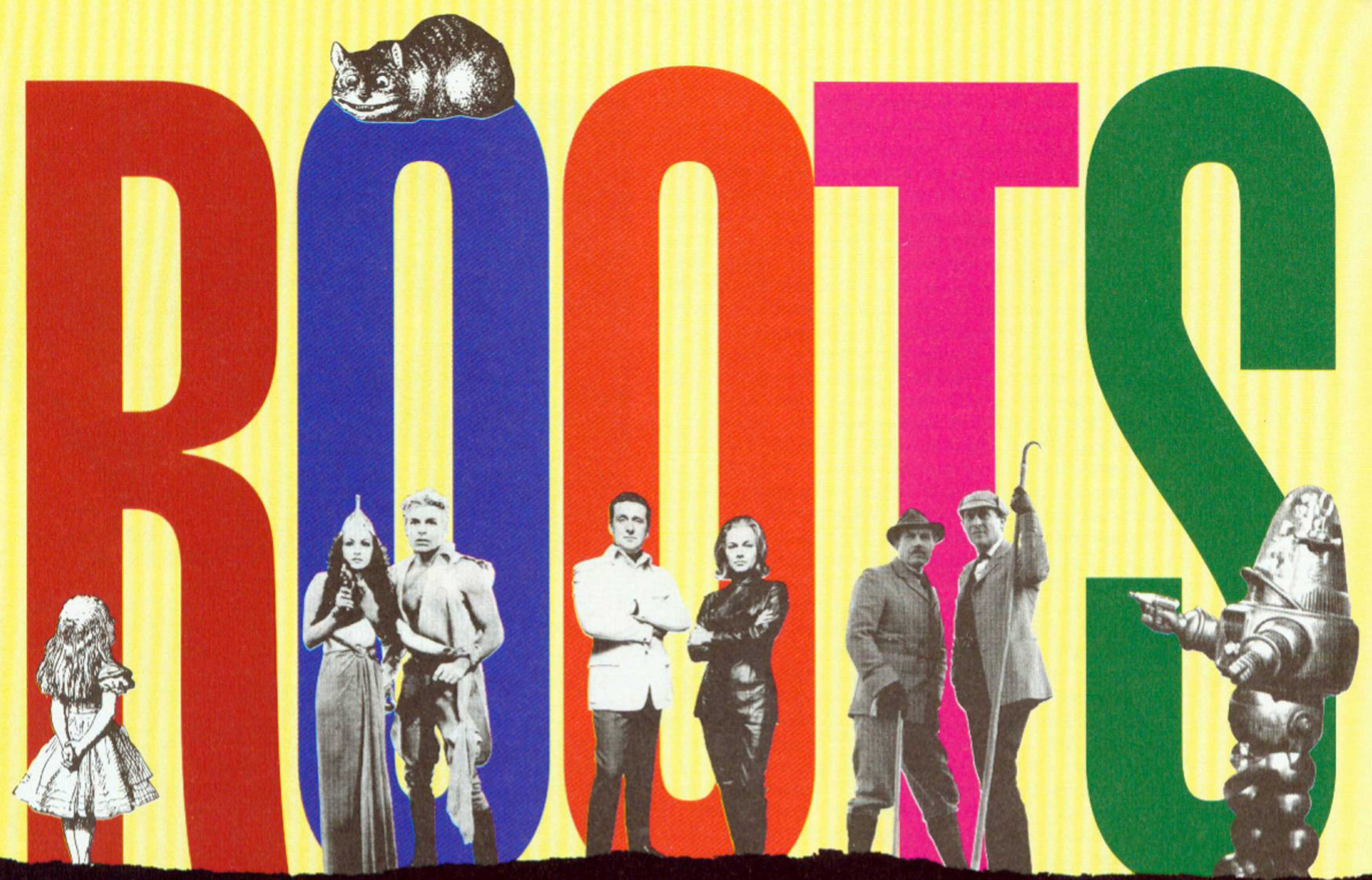


ROOTS

Part 1 PATHFINDING & AVENGING

In the first of a new series, **Steven Cartwright** explores the many influences on *Doctor Who*, and examines the debt the series owes to its ancestors in television, film and literature.

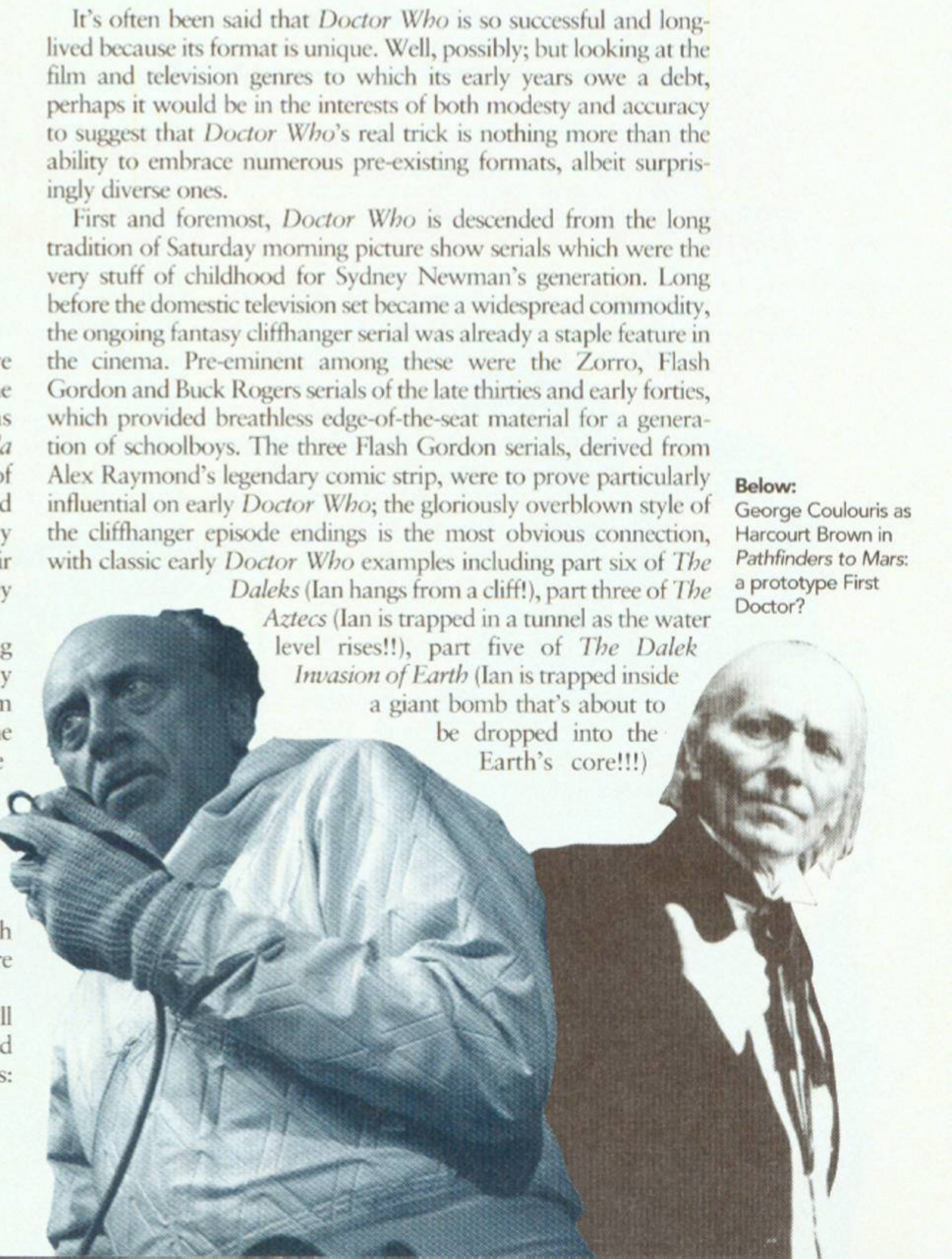
Doctor Who's many and varied 'roots' have been acknowledged for almost as long as the programme has existed. Titles such as *Pathfinders in Space*, *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Manchurian Candidate* are part of a familiar litany to many fans, but these and hundreds of other sources have very rarely been discussed in any effort to consider their real relevance to the *Doctor Who* stories they inspired.

First of all, let's establish what this series of articles is *not* going to be. It would be more or less impossible, not to say unspeakably dull, to catalogue every single time that a scene or a character from a *Doctor Who* story is in some remote way reminiscent of a scene or character from television, cinema, literature or legend. By the same token, a trawl through every single instance when someone in *Doctor Who* has irrelevantly quoted a line of Shakespeare would make for tedious reading. No; what this series will aim to do is draw the reader's attention to the instances when a particular cinematic trend or literary genre has influenced *Doctor Who* to a significant degree, and to look at those occasions on which quotations, whether they be verbal, visual or even musical, are more than just window-dressing.

In this first article, give or take the occasional diversion, we'll begin looking at the two media which have unsurprisingly exerted the most immediate influence on *Doctor Who* over the years: television and cinema.

It's often been said that *Doctor Who* is so successful and long-lived because its format is unique. Well, possibly; but looking at the film and television genres to which its early years owe a debt, perhaps it would be in the interests of both modesty and accuracy to suggest that *Doctor Who*'s real trick is nothing more than the ability to embrace numerous pre-existing formats, albeit surprisingly diverse ones.

First and foremost, *Doctor Who* is descended from the long tradition of Saturday morning picture show serials which were the very stuff of childhood for Sydney Newman's generation. Long before the domestic television set became a widespread commodity, the ongoing fantasy cliffhanger serial was already a staple feature in the cinema. Pre-eminent among these were the Zorro, Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers serials of the late thirties and early forties, which provided breathless edge-of-the-seat material for a generation of schoolboys. The three Flash Gordon serials, derived from Alex Raymond's legendary comic strip, were to prove particularly influential on early *Doctor Who*; the gloriously overblown style of the cliffhanger episode endings is the most obvious connection, with classic early *Doctor Who* examples including part six of *The Daleks* (Ian hangs from a cliff!), part three of *The Aztecs* (Ian is trapped in a tunnel as the water level rises!!), part five of *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* (Ian is trapped inside a giant bomb that's about to be dropped into the Earth's core!!!)



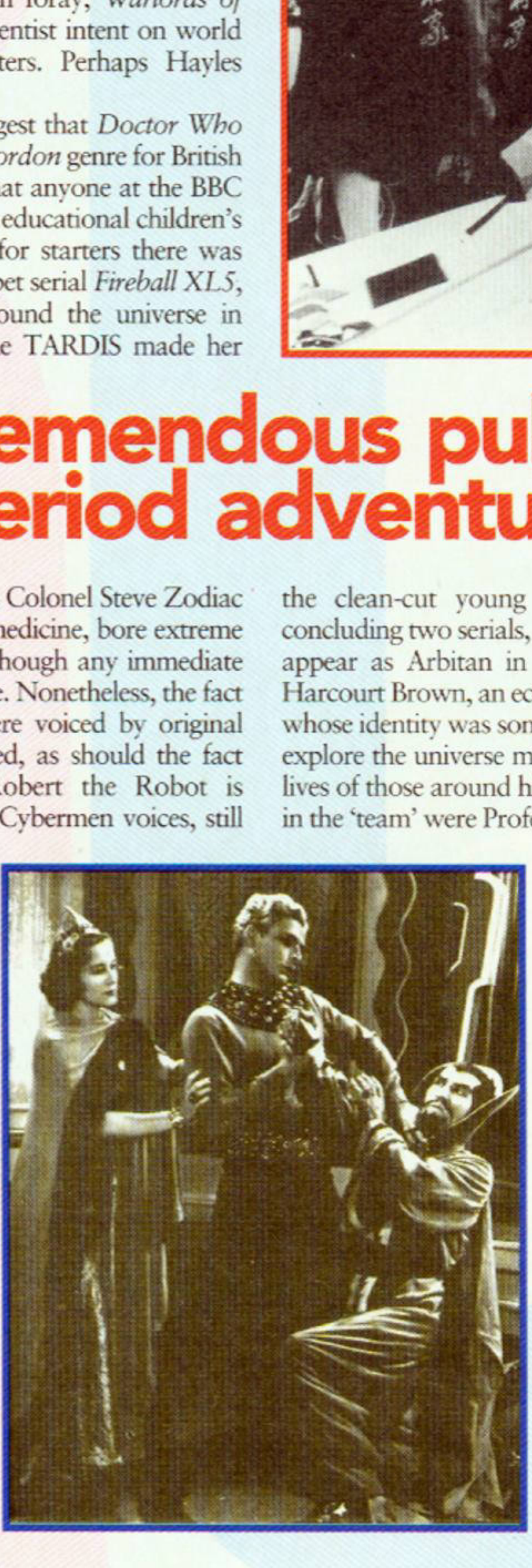
Below:
George Coulouris as Harcourt Brown in *Pathfinders to Mars*: a prototype First Doctor?

Right: Venus, Professor Matic and Steve Zodiac at the helm of *Fireball XL5*; Ian, the Doctor, Barbara and Susan at the controls of the TARDIS.

and, of course, part one of *The Rescue* (spikes emerge from a wall and threaten to impale Ian or throw him into the monster pit below!!!!). All of these, and many more, are entirely in keeping with Flash Gordon, in some cases inviting specific comparisons. Meanwhile, the rivetted bulkheads of Dr Zarkoff's firework-powered rocket ships live on in *The Sensorites*, *The Rescue* and *The Power of the Daleks*, while the hostile environments – realms of snow and ice, volcanoes, jungles and caves – seem to be the immediate ancestors of Skaro (Frigea in *Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe* is actually referred to as "The Dead Planet"!), as well as other Hartnell-era planets like Marinus, Mechanus and Aridius. Although of all the early *Doctor Who* writers it is Terry Nation who seems the most influenced by the genre – even the 'Zombies' in *Death to the Daleks*, years later, are reminiscent of the Clay People in *Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars* – the most overt tribute is surely Geoffrey Orme's *The Underwater Menace*. The Fish People, blatantly standing in for the various animal-men of the old serials, the hokum-infested plotline of primitive sacrifices, unlikely disguises and daredevil kidnappings, and, above all, the resident wild-haired mad scientist ('Zarkoff' without the 'k', for those in doubt!) who wants to drain the ocean into the Earth's core or something, could all sit quite happily in one of those thirties classics (to go off at an alarming tangent for just one moment, it's a little-known fact that there is a deservedly obscure Italian science fiction movie called *L'Isola degli Uomini Pesce* [Literally 'The Island of the Fish Men', but known in the UK as *Island of Mutations*], in which a mad professor has biologically engineered a race of fish people who work as slave labour in the ruins of Atlantis. Incredibly, this landmark in cinema history dates from 1978; perhaps director Sergio Martino was a long-term fan of *The Underwater Menace*. Even more tangential is the fact that Ice Warrior creator Brian Hayles scripted 1978's other Atlantean film foray, *Warlords of Atlantis*, which yet again features a mad scientist intent on world domination from his undersea headquarters. Perhaps Hayles borrowed from Orme's seminal classic too).

It would be misleading, of course, to suggest that *Doctor Who* was first off the mark in reviving the *Flash Gordon* genre for British television – not to say out of the question that anyone at the BBC in the early sixties would admit to basing an educational children's drama programme on a comic strip. Just for starters there was Gerry Anderson's immensely successful puppet serial *Fireball XL5*, which first flew ATV-London viewers around the universe in October 1962, some 13 months before the TARDIS made her maiden voyage. The adventures of space ace Colonel Steve Zodiac and the beautiful Venus, a doctor of space medicine, bore extreme resemblances to the *Flash Gordon* style, although any immediate influence on *Doctor Who* is at best debatable. Nonetheless, the fact that most of *Fireball XL5*'s characters were voiced by original Dalek man David Graham should be noted, as should the fact that the vibrating drone of sidekick Robert the Robot is identical to *Doctor Who*'s *Moonbase*-style Cybermen voices, still four years off.

There was a tremendous public appetite for half-hour period adventure serials



Right: *Flash Gordon*: "gloriously overblown cliffhangers . . ."

Earlier than *Fireball XL5*, however, and unquestionably a direct influence on the development of *Doctor Who*, were the four science fiction adventure serials devised for ABC Television by a team led by *Doctor Who*'s co-creator-to-be Sydney Newman between 1960 and 1961. *Target Luna*, *Pathfinders in Space*, *Pathfinders to Mars* and *Pathfinders to Venus* were each broadcast in weekly half-hour instalments with exciting cliffhangers during the ITV 'children's hour', and the intimations of a prototype *Doctor Who* don't stop there. The scripts were co-written by future *Doctor Who* stalwart Malcolm Hulke, and heading the cast of intrepid space explorers in the *Pathfinders* adventures were Gerald Flood (later to make his small mark on *Doctor Who* as the voice of Kamelion) as the clean-cut young hero Conway Henderson and, in the concluding two serials, *Citizen Kane* star George Coulouris (later to appear as Arbitan in *The Keys of Marinus*). Coulouris played Harcourt Brown, an eccentric and often unreliable elderly professor whose identity was something of an enigma. His obsessive desire to explore the universe meant he was quite prepared to endanger the lives of those around him as he attempted to prove his beliefs. Also in the 'team' were Professor Meadows – the academic woman who could still let out a hearty scream when the script required it – and the 'intelligent-beyond-their-tender-years' teenager Geoff Wedgewood. It requires no great leap of the imagination to assume that Newman took the germ of the idea – and this 'eccentric scientist', 'handsome hero', 'intelligent woman' and 'educated kid' team – with him when he moved to the BBC in 1962.

But perhaps most important of all *Doctor Who*'s televisual antecedents was a genre of programming which had little or nothing to do with science fiction in its narrowest sense. By far the most popular family drama shows on British television in the late fifties and early sixties were the swashbuckling historical serials churned out in breathtaking quantities for the commercial channel by companies like ITP and its descendant, ITC. The hugely successful *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, which began in 1955, started the ball rolling and was followed by *The Adventures of the Scarlet Pimpernel* (starring *The Evil of the Daleks*' Marius Goring), *The Adventures of Sir Lancelot* (starring our very own William Russell), *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *William Tell*, *Ivanhoe*, *Sword of Freedom* and a countless parade of others, many of which were hits on both sides of the Atlantic. There was a tremendous public appetite for half-hour period adventure serials, perhaps because the 'historical' aspect of the entertainment allowed parents to feel that this was in some small way educational as well as escapist fare. The overwhelming majority of these crowd-pulling shows were aired on the ITV channels, and the BBC badly wanted an adventure series hit of their own. Given such a set of circumstances, neither the casting of William Russell as Ian Chesterton nor the prominence of historical adventures – albeit with, initially, a more educative slant – during *Doctor Who*'s early years seem at all surprising. At times, when the Doctor takes a back seat and the companions dash around on horseback, buckling their swash in period costume (*The Crusade* springs to mind as a particularly fruity example), early *Doctor Who* seems to be quite happily surrendering itself wholesale to the ITC spirit.

One of the great innovations of *The Avengers* was its treatment of women

If *Doctor Who*'s original style was overwhelmingly dictated by a combination of Saturday morning cliffhangers and historical derring-do, its content was to change markedly over the years as it transformed from the Hartnell era's space fantasies to the gothic thrillers and high-tech spy escapades of the Troughton and Pertwee eras, the horror movie elements of the early Tom Baker seasons, and so on. In all of this, the influence of one television writer is of primary importance. As The Monitor pointed out in *The Quatermass Inheritance* in **DWM** 238, the work of Nigel Kneale, generally judged to be the father of television science fiction, is an enduring influence on *Doctor Who*. Pre-dating the *Pathfinders* shows, the Quatermass serials of the fifties were a popular phenomenon in their day, reportedly capable of emptying the country's pubs on the night of transmission. The archetypes they spawned (with a little help from Kneale's predecessor HG Wells) are still with us today – the fiercely moral scientist dedicated to the triumph of the human spirit over infernal mechanisation; the beautiful lady assistant; alien infiltration in suburban England (the Yeti/loo/Tooting Bec collision so beloved of the Pertwee era and its star); and the dramatic opposition of military and bureaucratic authority to scientific enlightenment.

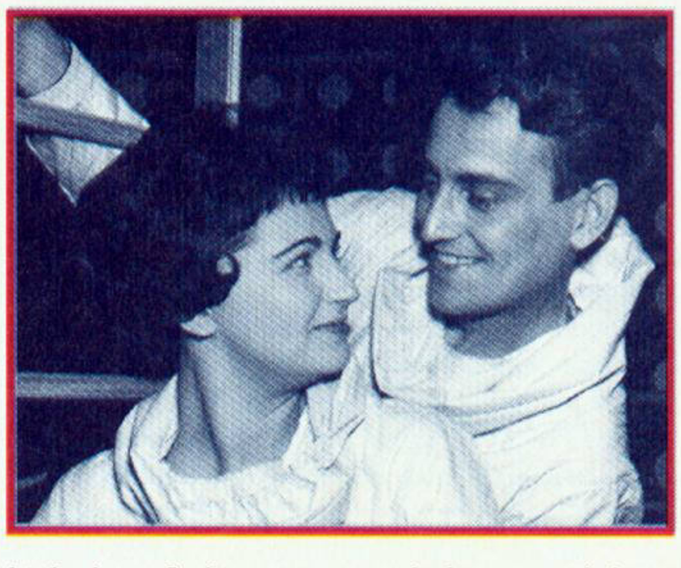
Never less than outspoken in interviews about his work, Nigel Kneale hasn't been exceptionally complimentary over the years about *Doctor Who*, doubting its suitability for a family audience and, moreover, accusing its producers of plagiarism. "I think a number of things turned up in *Doctor Who* that had been pinched out of my stories," he once told an interviewer. "I know I switched on one day and was horrified to see practically an entire episode of one of mine stuck straight into *Doctor Who*." It's difficult to know precisely which episode Kneale happened upon; certainly a number of candidates present themselves. *The Abominable Snowmen* recalls Kneale's television drama *The Creature*, which involved an expedition to Tibet to search for the Yeti and hints of strange goings-on from a local monastery. *Mission to the Unknown*, *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, *The Ark in Space*, *The Seeds of Doom*, *Arc of Infinity* and any number of other *Doctor Who* stories feature variations on the classic sequence from *The Quatermass Experiment* (itself owing more than a little to James Whale's thirties *Frankenstein* movies) which spawned that now perennial SF standby in which a mutating man staggers, forlorn and terrified, through unwelcoming streets as dogs bark at him, women scream at him and innocent children try to befriend him. *The Invasion* and *Spearhead from Space* both borrow heavily from *Quatermass II*'s premise of a scientific establishment being used as an acclimatization centre for invading aliens, with the opening scenes of *Spearhead* in particular echoing those of *Quatermass II* almost shot for shot. The brilliant *Quatermass and the Pit*, with its tale of impossibly old skulls and ancient cabalistic symbols found during an excavation which results in the discovery that aliens visited prehistoric earth, re-engineered the human race by selective breeding and left race-memories of diabolical evil, is a clear basis for *The Dæmons* and, particularly, *Image of the Fendahl*; as if that weren't enough, the latter also appears to borrow at will from Kneale's 1972 television play *The Stone Tape*, in which scientists at a research installation in an oak-panelled country house discover ghosts and traces of ancient evil. *Vengeance on Varos* carries echoes of another of Kneale's television plays, *The Year of the Sex Olympics*, in which a brutalised society is dominated by desensitising television broadcasts; and finally, of course, *Remembrance of the Daleks* (whose army division at Totter's Lane is more than a little reminiscent of the bomb disposal squad in *Quatermass and the Pit*) pays indirect lip-service to Kneale via the reference to "Bernard" and the "British Rocket Group".

Then again, we must hesitate before portraying Nigel Kneale purely as a hard-done-by original whose work is pilfered by all and sundry. His 1981 sitcom *Kinvig* got under way with the dressing-gown-clad hero discovering that an eccentric acquaintance was actually an alien, who promptly whisked him away on knowing adventures in space – something which had already happened with a certain degree of success at the BBC courtesy of a little-known writer by the name of Douglas Adams . . . but we digress.

One other drama series of the sixties was to exert a considerable influence over *Doctor Who* during its formative years. *The Avengers*, another ABC show, began in 1961 as the brainchild of Sydney Newman and Leonard White, but only later acquired its recognisable character and cult status with the rise of Brian Clemens and Albert Fennell, who led the show's production team from around 1964 onwards. The catalogue of passing similarities between episodes of *The Avengers* and *Doctor Who* is almost endless (for a few of the more interesting ones, see the box overleaf). The presence on both programmes of writers Dennis Spooner, Terry Nation, Terrance Dicks, Malcolm Hulke, Peter Ling, John Lucarotti, Bill Strutton, Geoffrey Orme and Robert Banks Stewart was bound to result in a certain degree of cross-pollination of ideas. What is more remarkable, however, is the degree to which *Doctor Who*'s overall format was gradually reshaped around the success of *The Avengers* as the latter's profile increased.

One of the great innovations of *The Avengers* was its treatment of women – not, strictly speaking, politically correct by today's standards, but nonetheless a striking departure from the screaming airheads usually found in the dramas of the time. The leather-clad,

Below: The Doctor and Jo, and Steed and Mrs Peel fight the good fight in the Home Counties.



Right: *Pathfinders to Mars* Were Professor Meadows and Conway Henderson early versions of Barbara and Ian?

kinky-boot-flashing Honor Blackman and her successor, the karate-chopping Diana Rigg, set the tone for a new kind of television heroine, and while *Doctor Who* shied away from too great an investment in the trend, Carole Ann Ford recalls being told before she accepted the role of Susan that the girl would be adept at Cathy Gale-style judo. Even though this was not developed (if it was ever seriously considered), it's also difficult to see short-lived time-traveller Sara Kingdom as anything other than an *Avengers* import (she made her first appearance in November 1965, a little over a month after Rigg made her debut as Emma Peel). Subsequent *Doctor Who* companions like Polly and Victoria reverted to the usual stereotypes, although Zoe, Liz, Leela and even Jo, with her skeleton keys (and, in *The Sea Devils*, karate!), paid homage to the general idea.

The War Machines, *The Faceless Ones* and *The Invasion*, early forays into the present-day science fiction story, could all be *Avengers* episodes with only minimal alteration. The eyebrow-raising archness and op-art set designs of Season Six tales such as *The Krotons*, *The War Games* and especially *The Mind Robber* are just like certain Diana Rigg episodes (although the latter story's cliffhanger involving Jamie and Zoe being squashed between the pages of a giant book is more like something from the popular mid-sixties *Batman* series starring Adam West).

Robot is *The Avengers* to a tee, but *The Seeds of Doom* is the closest imitation of all.

10 episodes of *The Avengers* every *Doctor Who* fan should see . . .

Scarcely an episode of *The Avengers* is devoid of a *Doctor Who* crossover of some sort, be it an author, actor or plotline, but here are eight of particular interest (plus a couple from *The New Avengers* for good measure).

Episode	Watch it for . . .
The Cybernauts (1965) 	Prototype Autons (blank faces and boiler suits) and a cast packed with *Doctor Who* stalwarts (Michael Gough, Frederick Jaegar, Bernard Horsfall, Burt Kwouk, John Holliss, Ronald Leigh-Hunt). *Return of the Cybernauts* (1967) features Peter Cushing.
Death at Bargain Prices (1965)	A cameo appearance by the Daleks. Really!
Man-Eater of Surrey Green (1965)	*The Seeds of Doom* or what!
From Venus With Love (1967)	Jon Pertwee (playing the Brigadier!)
 Mission . . . Highly Improbable (1967)	*The Avengers* does *Planet of Giants*. Nicholas Courtney (who also appears in the earlier *Propellant 23*) gives a very Brigadier-ish turn. Also Kevin Stoney and Richard Leech.
The Interrogators (1969)	Mother's HQ, reached via a telephone box (oh, please . . .)
The Morning After (1969)	Very reminiscent of *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* (as is the *New Avengers* remake *Sleeper*). With Peter Barkworth and Brian Blessed.
Stay Tuned (1969)	Kate O'Mara and Roger Delgado in the same show! (Delgado was also in the early, lost episode *Crescent Moon*.)
Target! (1976)	Lots of familiar faces – Keith Barron,Robert Beatty, Bruce Purchase, Deep Roy, Frederick Jaeger (again) – in a spooky deserted village that evokes *The Android Invasion*.
Gnaws (1976)	Something like Axonite creates giant rats in the sewers . . . Jeremy Young and Julian Holloway represent the first and last regular *Doctor Who* stories screened by the BBC!

But it was in the formation of UNIT and the characterisation of the Third Doctor that *The Avengers* made its influence most clearly felt. John Steed, played with such panache by Patrick Macnee, was a debonair English gent with eccentric tastes, a lovely vintage car and a casual, unruffled fighting style. Just like Jon Pertwee's Doctor. Indeed, *Spearhead from Space*, for many years unique among *Doctor Who* stories in being shot entirely on film, can't help but resemble a rogue episode of *The Avengers*. In later episodes, Steed's boss was revealed to be 'Mother', head of a top-secret paramilitary government division. Its far more strange, admittedly, but it's still not a million miles from UNIT. In fact, when Patrick Newell, who played Mother, replaced the unavailable Nicholas Courtney as the hastily re-named Colonel Faraday in *The Android Invasion* in 1975, one could be forgiven for suspecting director Barry Letts of an in-joke.

Above and beyond all of this is the fact that Clemens and Fennell's series took place in what its devotees like to refer to as 'Avengerland'; a wilfully surreal fantasy England of rural pubs, cream teas and country mansions, devoid of policemen and, infamously, black people. *Doctor Who*'s present-day Earth is usually less stylized than this, but all the same it's revealing to think that we never see Jon Pertwee's Doctor taking a stroll down the high street during his exile. The only time we ever see him in central London – give or take the occasional trip to an Auton-infested Madame Tussaud's – is when it's evacuated and terrorised by dinosaurs. There is a great deal of Avengerland about Rossini's circus, Devil's End, Auderley House, the Nuthutch, all those innumerable research institutes and even the deserted country lanes in *The Time Monster* and *Planet of the Spiders*. When, in the latter, a policeman actually does appear, it's entirely unreal and played for comedy; the idea of Lethbridge-Stewart being booked for speeding in the middle of a chase scene is ludicrous, but it's meant to be.

Avengerland exerts its influence on the Tom Baker era in no less a measure, with *Terror of the Zygons*, *Image of the Fendahl* and *The Stones of Blood* purveying a kind of rural gothic fantasy of batty old locals and strange goings-on up at the stately home.

Robot, with its big-bearded eccentric professor and clique of fascist scientists, is *The Avengers* to a tee, but *The Seeds of Doom* is the closest imitation of all. There's a 1965 episode called *Man-Eater of Surrey Green* that bears remarkable plot similarities (a giant plant menace germinated from a seed from outer space: an eccentric lady botanist, a villainous chauffeur . . .), but even regardless of that, the overall style is pure *Avengers* – top-full of wise-guy dialogue (the Doctor cracks more disrespectful jokes at the villains' expense in *The Seeds of Doom* than in any Graham Williams-produced story), eccentric character cameos and a preposterously suave mad millionaire for a villain.

Like many stories of its era, *The Seeds of Doom* also owes more than a little to the cinema, and it's in that direction that we'll be turning our attention in the second instalment of this series . . . ◆

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It's just the same old story . . .

The Monitor has already alerted DWM readers to the uncanny similarities between certain *Doctor Who* stories. Now, his uneasy ally the Watcher acquaints us with 20 (yes, 20!) pairs of stories with the same plot . . .

Inferno & The Green Death

While the Doctor strops about making unexpectedly traumatic journeys in the TARDIS, the Brigadier investigates a government-backed fuel project which is causing green slime to infect innocent locals to their distinct disadvantage. Amid intimations of a fascist takeover and a lovey-dovey sub-plot, the Doctor reappears in time to get the doomed project closed down.

The Deadly Assassin & Arc of Infinity

An old Time Lord renegade breaches the TARDIS' defences, and the Doctor must return to Gallifrey where a traitorous High Councillor is assisting the renegade in a plot to ameliorate his miserable half-existence. After the first episode ends with an apparent death by staser-bolt, the Doctor is condemned to vaporization but avoids this fate by entering the Matrix to meet his foe. The traitor dies, the renegade is defeated and there's a cute closing scene beside a telephone box.

The Twin Dilemma & Time and the Rani

The newly-regenerated Doctor is having reality problems and, convinced his companion is an alien spy, tries to kill her. Meanwhile, an exiled Time Lord has subjugated the bird-like locals to assist in a deeply flawed plan to kidnap geniuses with the aim of harnessing their brain-power to effect a space collision which will blow up asteroids and thus somehow inexplicably win power and influence people. The noble old ruler of the aliens atones for his collaboration with a timely act of self-sacrifice. And it's all very, er, colourful.

The Sea Devils & Terror of the Zygons

Ships and/or oil rigs are vanishing and delirious survivors babble of monsters. The culprits are bulgy-eyed aliens who have been lurking beneath the waves since prehistoric times and now wish to claim the planet as their own, colonising it with other groups of their species. The custodian of a nearby castle is not what he seems. The Doctor gets trapped in the aliens' organically-designed underwater hideout just as the military start torpedoing it. And everything blows up.

The Dæmons & The Awakening

A demonic manifestation in the crypt of a West Country church is in fact a dormant alien which arrived on Earth thousands of years ago, and is now revived by the psychic energy generated by the machinations of the local magistrate/magister. The psychic fires are stoked by a revival of pagan pageantry, one of the TARDIS crew is nearly burnt at the stake, the Doctor receives the help of a daffy female local with a nice line in homely cardigans, and the church blows up.

The Dæmons & The Time Monster

Lurking behind a Mediterranean alias, the Master revives an ancient alien which is a familiar figure in human demonology. One by one the Doctor and his friends from UNIT arrive on the scene, but a barrier created by the alien power prevents the Brigadier from entering the area. The Doctor invites one of his companions to try and pick up an impossibly heavy object that appears to be "fixed down", the Master harnesses the alien and orders it to kill the Doctor, Jo sacrifices herself to save him and, oh yes, the alien is responsible for the destruction of Atlantis.

The Dæmons & Image of the Fendahl

In a countryside steeped in black magic tradition, an archaeological excavation results in the manifestation of an ancient alien power. The power is being fed by black mass rituals conducted in a cavernous crypt by a superstitious coven manipulated by an evil scientist. The Doctor enlists the help of a local white witch and the building in question doesn't make it to the final reel.

Planet of the Spiders & Snakedance

A blue crystal with psychic properties is the key to the ultimate power of a mind-controlling alien. The Doctor's companion becomes possessed by the creature, which results in a nasty creepy-crawly dangling off her body and a single-minded wish to get hold of the crystal. The Doctor travels to a mountain and communes with a mystic who tells him to find the answer within himself. The crystal is restored to its intended place, the alien gets its mind blown out, and there are tears before bedtime.

The Curse of Peladon & Vengeance on Varos

An impoverished, backward planet at the behest of rapacious interplanetary commerce is being taken for a ride by a slimy little alien in a life-support tank who is conniving with gullible locals to bring about the downfall of a benevolent ruler shackled by constitutional tradition. The Doctor shows the way (usually down non-stop tunnels) and an enlightened regime takes over. Come to think of it, *The Sun Makers* isn't a million miles off either.

The Dalek Invasion of Earth & The Dominators

Ruthless aliens in a flying saucer, armed with robotic firepower, invade an unsuspecting planet and enslave its inhabitants with the intention of dropping an atomic explosive into the planet's molten core. There's a lot of it about.

The Invasion & Spearhead from Space

A consumer goods factory resembling a Guinness brewery is being run by a sinister half-human as a front for an operation to acclimatize and activate an invading army of quasi-robotic warriors controlled from space. The monsters swarm through the streets of London for about a minute-and-a-half, but are repelled by UNIT troops and a brainstorming device lashed up by the Doctor.

The Daleks & Planet of the Daleks

Obviously.

The Sontaran Experiment & Horror of Fang Rock

On an isolated rocky outcrop on Earth, a lone alien makes planetfall, and by electrical manipulation causes a party of travellers to crash nearby. The alien, an advance scout involved in the Sontaran/Rutan war picks off the stranded, bickering humans one by one and conducts ghoulish experiments to assess human physiology. The Doctor destroys the alien and then its spacecraft, averting the threat of a full-scale invasion.

Logopolis & Castrovalva

Mooching in a previously unseen chamber aboard the TARDIS, an apocalyptically-minded Doctor falls under the influence of the Master, who is using his own TARDIS to entrap the Doctor's. To escape certain disaster, the Doctor is forced to jettison rooms from the TARDIS for extra thrust, and in the belief that the Master has been repelled, the TARDIS puts down on an idyllic planet inhabited by a scholarly, monastic people. But the Master is still lurking unseen in the guise of a trusted patriarch, and his redoubled effort to kill the Doctor results instead in the destruction of the planet's civilisation and people, who were only held together by mathematics in the first place.

The Time Warrior & The Visitation

An alien ship crashlands in Earth's not-too-distant history, and the occupant uses kidnapped and hypnotised humans to effect repairs. A robot warrior terrorises the locals, the Doctor narrowly escapes beheading, and it all goes up in flames.

Carnival of Monsters & The Nightmare of Eden

An itinerant charlatan with comedy spectacles and a blonde assistant owns an unstable machine which contains miniaturised environments stolen from diverse planets which can be viewed on a screen. An accident causes vicious monsters to escape from the machine and return to their full size, whereupon they go on the rampage.

Colony in Space & Death to the Daleks

On a desolate, infertile planet whose vitality is being mysteriously drained, the Third Doctor meets an Earth expedition searching for a precious mineral. An old enemy arrives and feigns alliance with the humans to disguise an ulterior goal. The Doctor dodges giant boulders that are dropped down crevasses at him, and his companion escapes sacrifice by the savage descendants of a super-race who built the technologically advanced city which is causing the power drain. The city's destruction brings the planet back to life, and one of the humans saves the day by blowing himself up in a spaceship just after take-off. Michael Briant directs in a quarry, and the model-work is . . . *ambitious*.

Remembrance of the Daleks & Silver Nemesis

A 25-year gap plays an important role in some unfinished business of the Doctor's; he must locate a mysterious super-weapon before it falls into the hands of old enemies. Abetted by Nazis, the aliens capture the weapon, but the Doctor has already instructed it to destroy their headquarters, spaceship, planet, etc. Ace's ghetto-blaster proves indispensable, she beats up the once-indestructible monsters with a home-made weapon, and there's hogwash aplenty about the Doctor's true identity.

The Deadly Assassin & The Invisible Enemy

In the TARDIS, the Doctor receives a telepathic transmission which makes him behave oddly, and he ends the first episode apparently on the point of committing murder. In order to confront his enemy he elects to undergo a Part Three ordeal involving a simulacrum of himself entering a bizarre psychic domain while in the real world his friends monitor the progress of his inert body. Upon his return to the normal world, he defeats the enemy at the moment of its regeneration, thanks to the assistance of an irascible mid-European type and his sidekick, an invaluable little engin(e).

Delta and the Bannermen & The Gospels According to Matthew & Luke

Fleeing from a warlord's massacre of innocents to a mythical land (of honey if not of milk), a young woman and her miraculously-born child are met by a kindly old "shepherd" who watches lights in the sky, and a couple of wise guys from the West who are chasing a fallen star, and *[that's enough of this –Ed]*.

Fluid Links

by **Matthew Jones**

Dear Bernice . . .

This is the first fan letter I've ever written; thank heavens it's to a fictional character. But, Bernice, I had to write and tell you how much I've been missing you since you packed your bags and left the TARDIS. For a little while I thought it was business as usual. I was so swept up with the events on Mars and in New York in the 18th century that I hadn't had time to really feel the effect of your departure. After all, companions have always come and gone, haven't they? It was only when you returned to the fold in August that I realized just how much I'd been missing you. It occurred to me that I'd been reading the *New Adventures* as much to hear you as I had to find out what the Doctor had been up to. More than any companion before or since, you captured my attention and affections.

You were such a breath of fresh air.

Thinking back to 1992 when you first appeared, it isn't hard to see why you made such an impression. We were all suffering from that strange disabling condition which had swept through fandom: Ace fatigue. That girl from Perivale had dominated the stories to the point where it felt as if it was the Doctor who was the supporting character. Up until she left on Heaven, Ace's angst had been a subplot of almost every other story. Not until Fox Mulder's recent appearance on our screens had a character been so driven and determined by childhood experiences (I was beginning to feel like the Brigadier in *Battlefield*: "I'm rather tired of hearing about your Mother!"). You were the expression of our collective weariness with Ace. As she became more violent and aggressive and the Doctor increasingly remote and manipulative, you became my anchor and point of identification in the adventures. At least there was one person who I could relate to!

Frankly, you were just such a breath of fresh air. There was that lovely moment on the lost planet of Sakkrat while you were searching for the Highest Science. You hadn't been travelling with the Doctor long and the two of you had just stumbled across an ancient city. I remember that you made a number of astute observations about the probable cause of its decline, after which the Doctor stared at you silently for a few moments. "Bernice," he said, "you're a pleasure to know." More than any other recent companion – Peri, Mel or even Ace – I could understand why the Doctor had chosen to travel with you. You had something to offer him: intelligence, warmth and humour – all the qualities that one might look for in a new friend. Not since Romana reached her second incarnation had I thought that here was a companion whom I would like to know and travel with.

You seem to have been so changed and affected by your travels with the Doctor: drinking heavily after being shot on the alternative Earth where the Earth Reptiles ruled; desperately hurt after Guy's death in Medieval France; depressed and confused as you struggled to do the right thing for Kadiatu on the Dyson Sphere. Your brittleness – the way you cover your vulnerability with a sharp remark – has touched me. Unlike your predecessors, I feel as if I have got to know you as a whole person. And perhaps it is for that reason I was genuinely pleased for you when you fell in love and married. After all that you've been through, you deserve a bit of happiness.

But perhaps most importantly of all, you're responsible for us learning to love the Seventh Doctor again. You were the first person to meet him after he had given up his aimless wandering and adopted a darker persona. You gave voice to our concerns and anxieties about his new role as champion of the timelines. On Heaven, after the Doctor had defeated the monstrous Hoothi at the expense of Ace's friendship, he asked you what you thought of him and you said: "Oh, you're like most men aren't you? You think the end justifies the means, which isn't a pretty attitude."

"I do my best. I fight evil. I win."

"That isn't good enough."

I was so impressed because that was exactly what I'd been feeling ever since the Doctor had become colder and more aloof. You weren't prepared to be a pawn in one of his games. It was as if you were the voice of his conscience. You knew what the Doctor was truly capable of. After all, this was a man who tricked an alien race into turning their home planet into cinders; who brought Ace to a haunted house that she had specifically asked not to be taken; and who was willing to sacrifice his friendship with her in order to win a war. You made him accountable for his actions. It was you who intervened when the Doctor physically pinned Ace down and tried to convince her of his good intentions after he had just sacrificed her lover in order to defeat the Hoothi.

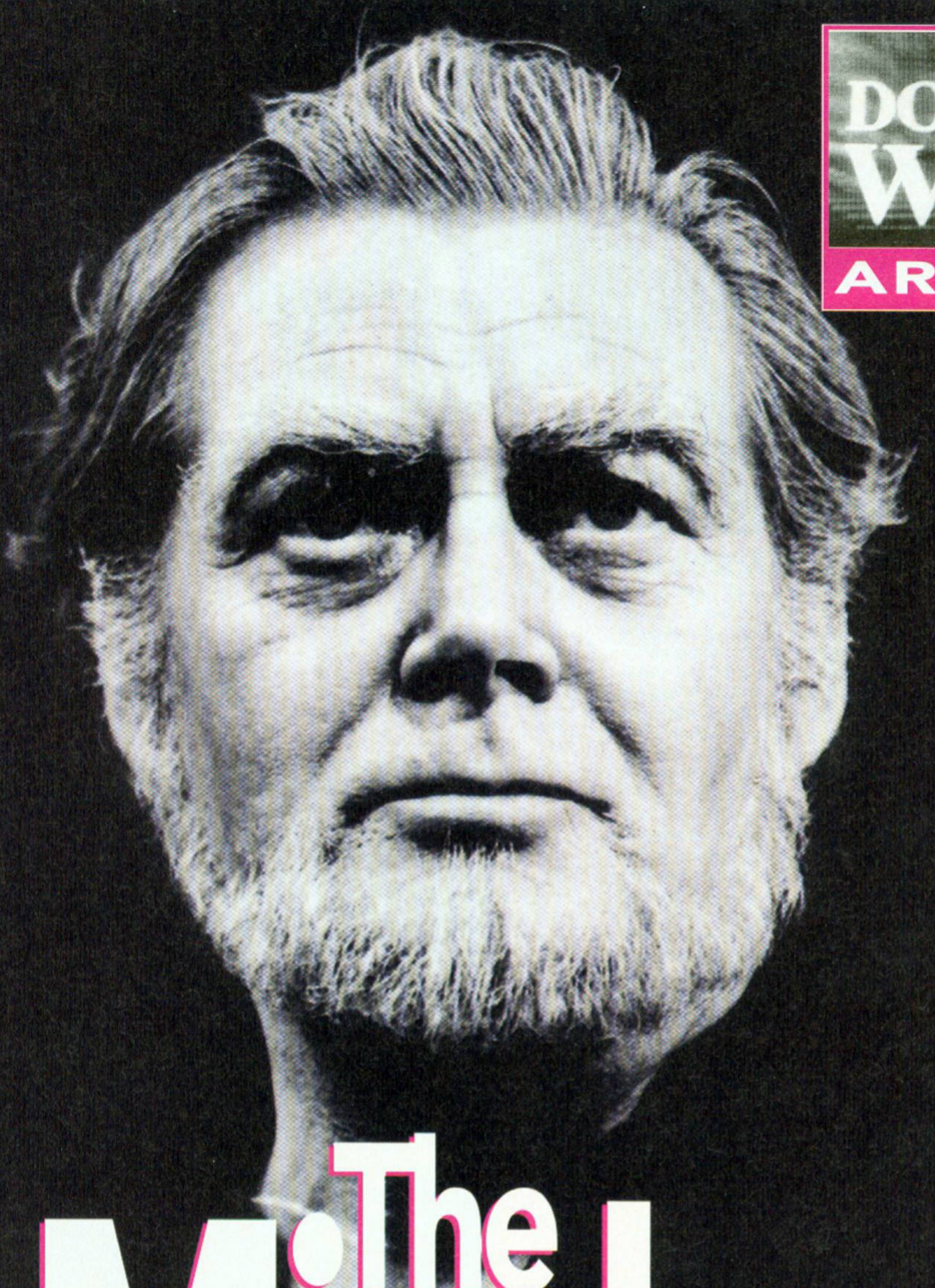
"Look at you," you demanded, "you're afraid that she'll attack you! Let her go, for God's sake!"

Your friendship was defined against the manipulative relationships of his past. I remember you made him promise that he wouldn't play games with your life. A promise that he has kept. So far. And I suspect it is your influence which has allowed the Seventh Doctor to find that gentler, more human side of himself again. You taught him not to take himself quite so seriously and even to laugh at himself on occasion.

Over the last four years and in more than 40 adventures, I feel like I've come to know you as a good friend. And, if I may be so bold, I can't help feeling that Jason Kane is a very lucky man. So try to take the rough with the smooth, Mrs Kane, and I hope you *do* get some yin with your yang.

With love,

Matthew



The Mind Robber

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EPISODE 1 (drn: 22'20")

With molten lava from an erupting volcano approaching the TARDIS, the Doctor attempts to dematerialize, but the mercury fluid links vaporize. Desperate, he informs Jamie and Zoe that he will use an emergency unit to move the TARDIS out of the space-time dimension of reality; the TARDIS fades away from the lava and arrives "nowhere". While the Doctor inspects the power room, Jamie and Zoe see images of the Scottish highlands and a futuristic city on the scanner. Zoe is lured into a white void outside, and Jamie rushes out to find her. Lost together in the void, they are stalked by sinister white robots which surround them and project beckoning images of them in white clothing.

In the TARDIS, the Doctor is under mental attack from a voice tempting him outside; when his resistance snaps he emerges to find the TARDIS exterior is now white. He finds his entranced companions dressed in white, and restores them to normality by forcing them into the TARDIS. During take-off, Jamie has a dream about a unicorn, and then an alien noise is heard. The TARDIS breaks apart in a dark void, leaving Jamie and a screaming Zoe clinging onto the console as the Doctor drifts away . . .

EPISODE 2 (drn: 21'39")

Jamie awakens in a strange forest where he is shot by a redcoat and becomes a cardboard cutout. Zoe falls through a strange door in a wall. An unseen controller monitors the Doctor's progress in the forest as he evades a trio of giant clockwork soldiers and encounters a strange traveller who claims to have sailed from Bristol in 1699. The stranger moves on, and the Doctor is then asked a series of riddles by children in Edwardian attire, leading to a puzzle in which he has to rebuild Jamie's face; this he does wrongly, and Jamie comes to life with a new face. The pair hear Zoe calling and rescue her from a giant jar by solving another riddle.

Jamie climbs a tree to discover that they are in a forest of letters which make up proverbs. The group again encounter the stranger who gives them away to the clockwork soldiers, which he cannot see. The controller watches via the soldiers as the TARDIS crew are herded to dark plain. They are confronted by the unicorn from Jamie's dream, charging towards them . . .

EPISODE 3 (drn: 19'29")

As the unicorn bears down, the Doctor forces his companions to insist that the creature does not exist; their disbelief transforms it into a cardboard cutout. The controller allows the trio to escape into a forest where they find a house guarded by a redcoat who shoots Jamie again; Zoe helps the Doctor reassemble Jamie's face again and the Scot is restored to normal. Entering the house, they find passages leading into a labyrinth, which they venture into leaving a trail of twine. When the twine runs out, the Doctor and Zoe carry on alone and end up in a chamber containing the Minotaur. Again, they deny the creature's existence; the beast vanishes and they go to find Jamie.

Jamie is found by a clockwork soldier and forced to flee up a cliff-face, using a convenient rope lowered down to him; reaching a castle tower, he discovers the rope is actually the hair of Princess Rapunzel. Inside the castle he finds a control room with a ticker-tape machine transcribing the Doctor and Zoe's progress. His friends meet the stranger again, and the Doctor deduces that this is Lemuel Gulliver from *Gulliver's Travels*, confirming that they are in the Land of Fiction, a dimension inhabited by fictional characters. Returning to the Minotaur cave, the Doctor and Zoe are now confronted by a statue of the Medusa which comes to life; one look at her will turn them to stone . . .

The Mind Robber

Screenplay extract by Peter Ling

The Doctor has been trapped by the Master in a glass prison in his Control Centre.

MASTER: As you refused to take over my post at the controls, we were forced to incorporate you into the computer itself.
DOCTOR: To what purpose?
MASTER: To bring the whole of planet Earth under our command.
DOCTOR: And its people?
MASTER: We have no wish to destroy them, merely adjust their minds to suit our purpose.
DOCTOR: Sausages! Man will become like a string of sausages! All the same!
MASTER: Man will simply vanish from the Earth and re-appear here.
DOCTOR: Leaving the Earth undamaged and uninhabited, for you to take over?
MASTER: Precisely.

EPISODE 4 (drn: 19'14")

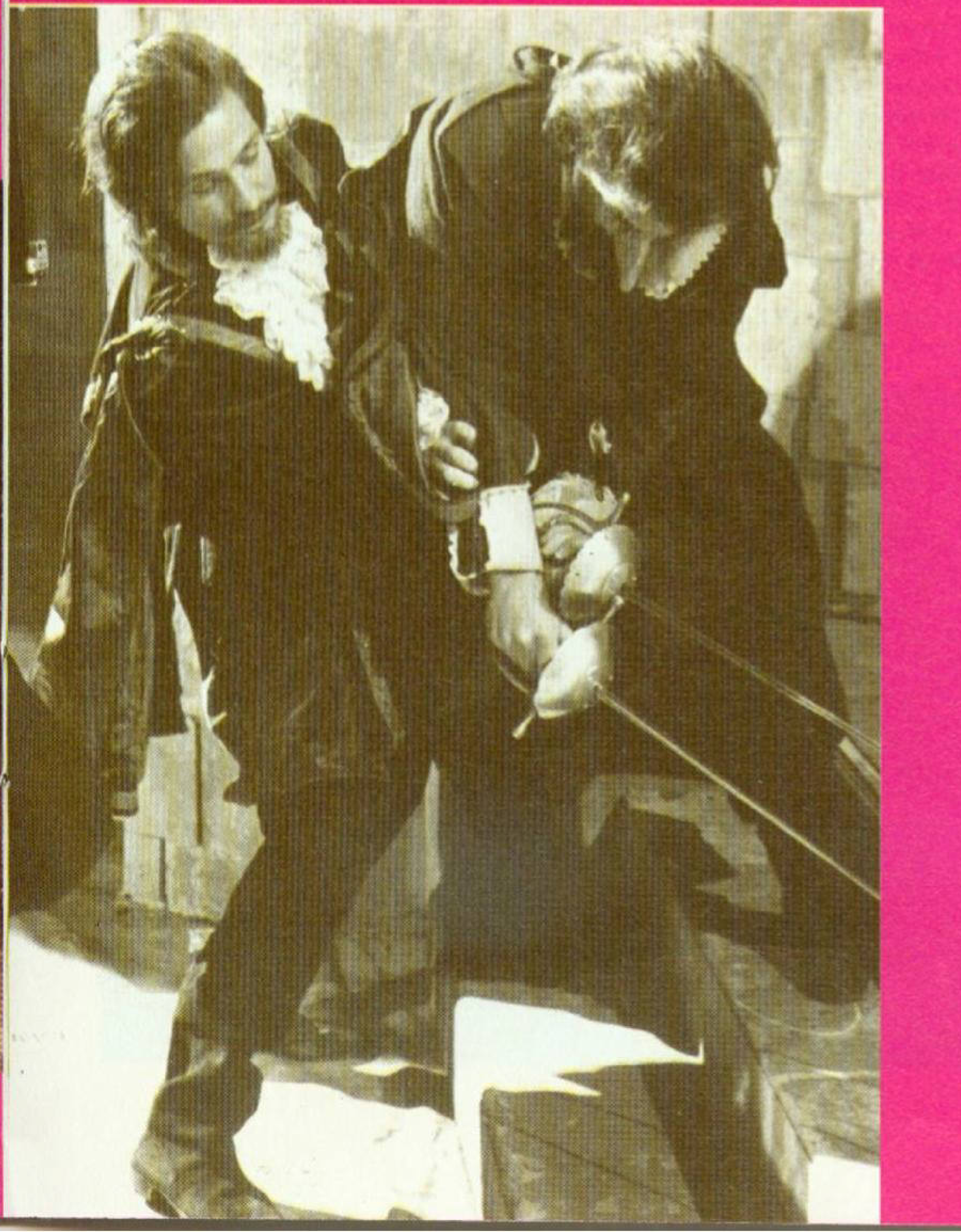
Using a mirror, the Doctor and Zoe observe the harmless reflection of the Medusa, which becomes a statue again. They reach the citadel castle where they are confronted by the Karkus, a comic strip superhero that Zoe recognises from the *Hourly Telepress* of the year 2000. Zoe's combat skill beats the Karkus into submission. The Doctor poses as the Karkus and gains entrance to the citadel with Zoe.

In the castle, Jamie evades the white robots and meets up with Gulliver again, shortly before the Doctor and Zoe join him. The Doctor deduces that if they had done what the ticker-tape machine wrote, they would have become fiction for a figure that Gulliver calls the Master. Zoe triggers an alarm and the trio are surrounded by white robots and taken to the Master; an old man from 1926 who was a prolific writer for a boy's magazine. He congratulates them on passing the tests. He is in control, linked to a huge machine which operates the Land from his fertile imagination, but he is old and wants the Doctor to replace him. When Jamie and Zoe try to escape, the white robots force them into the pages of a giant book which closes on them . . .

EPISODE 5 (drn: 18'00")

Jamie and Zoe are now fictional characters. The Doctor escapes and, with the help of Karkus and Rapunzel, attempts to influence the writing machine, being careful not to turn himself into fiction. Returning to the roof, the Doctor meets the children and Gulliver, and is then lured by Jamie and Zoe into a fake TARDIS which traps him in a transparent box. He is transported to the Master's control centre.

The Master explains that the Doctor is now linked to the Master Brain computer which plans to dominate Earth, transporting humanity to the Land of Fiction. As part of the Master Brain, the Doctor is able to help Jamie and Zoe escape the book and then embarks on a battle of wits as he writes their way out of the Master's traps. As Cyrano de Bergerac fights D'Artagnan, and Blackbeard battles Sir Lancelot, Jamie and Zoe overload the Master Brain computer, with the white robots set to destroy everything. The Doctor, Jamie and Zoe rescue the Master and wait to be returned to reality as the Land of Fiction collapses. They fade away, and the TARDIS reassembles in the black void.



PRODUCTION

The idea for the serial that was to become *The Mind Robber* arose from conversations on a railway journey from London to Birmingham between three writers on the ATV soap *Crossroads* in late 1967. The writers were Derrick Sherwin, the new story editor of *Doctor Who*, Terrance Dicks, who would shortly become Sherwin's assistant, and Peter Ling, the creator of *Crossroads*. Ling commented that many viewers actually believed in the fictional characters of soap opera, giving them a life of their own; Sherwin suggested this could form a *Doctor Who* serial. Ling had never considered himself a science fiction writer but assembled a proposal called *The Fact of Fiction* in which he postulated a land where fictional characters (such as Lemuel Gulliver from Dean Jonathan Swift's 1726 satire *Gulliver's Travels*) lived a life of their own; the land's ruler was The Master, a figure based on Charles Hamilton who, under the pen-name of Frank Richards, had a legendary career writing school serial stories about Billy Bunter in boys' papers such as *The Gem* and *The Magnet* from 1906 to 1940.

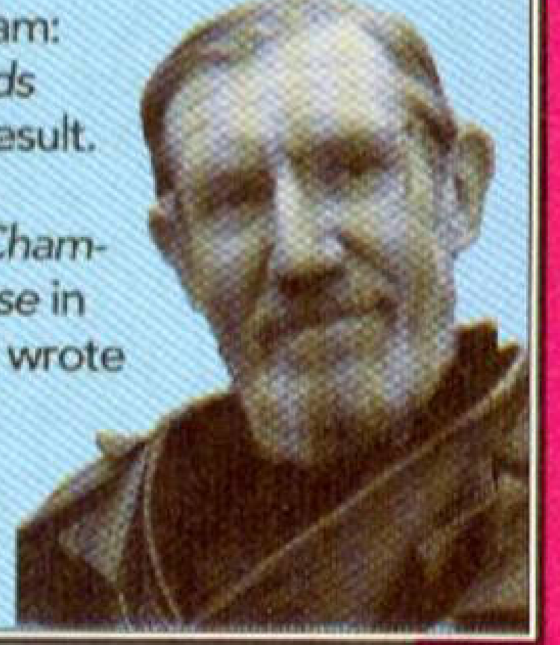
Sherwin discussed the idea with his predecessor as story editor, Peter Bryant, who was about to become *Doctor Who*'s producer. On Wednesday 20th December 1967 Bryant commissioned Ling for a detailed storyline and breakdown on a six-part serial, *Man Power* (the spelling of which varied). Although the serial was still a six-part storyline on Tuesday 9th January, Ling soon delivered a breakdown for the first of four episodes of *Manpower* (working title). Since late December, the production team had known that Deborah Watling would be leaving the series and her character of Victoria was to be written out. Not knowing anything about her replacement apart from her brilliant mathematical mind, Ling gave the name 'Zoe' to the female companion in his storyline; a name which Sherwin and Bryant adopted in January 1968 when auditioning.

On Tuesday 16th January Sherwin responded to Ling with comments on the breakdown. He felt there should be a mental attack on the travellers by the 'cerebral aggressor' before the TARDIS went wrong. He also felt that the 'soldier' was revealed too soon and should be hidden until the episode ending – replacing the soldiers with some children as the Interrogators and possibly a real or fictional soldier to hold the sword for the word puzzle. The stranger (ie Gulliver) should only speak in phrases written by Swift, which the Doctor would recognise in their later encounter. Sherwin also pointed out that as studio facilities would be limited, scenes in the TARDIS and the Master's Control Hall could be filmed at Ealing. He and Bryant were both very enthusiastic and asked for a breakdown on the last three episodes; on Wednesday 31st January Sherwin commissioned Ling for a storyline and breakdown on *Man Power*.

The first version of Episode 1 was delivered to the production office by Monday 26th February, and Episodes 2 to 4 of *Manpower* arrived on Tuesday 26th March. Ling revised the Creatures into toy soldiers, and adopted Sherwin's suggestion about revealing them: "We see the two metal feet of the approaching soldier, round and black, straight down from the cylindrical black legs, moving stiffly but steadily forward . . . They have tall bucket shaped headpieces – (as we later see, these are military shakos) – and at the front edge of each of these is a single cup shaped reflector . . . turning their heads slightly from left to

WRITER PETER LING

Peter Ling began his working life as an office boy before moving into advertising. During the war he became a Bevin boy, and while in the army pay corps, he began writing and ran a theatre in the barracks. About to be demobbed, Ling contracted tuberculosis and spent over two years in a sanitorium; while hospitalized he began writing material for radio and was encouraged by comedy actor Jon Pertwee. In the early 1950s Ling wrote comedy links for *Whirlygig*, a BBC children's magazine programme. Soon after, the new Associated-Rediffusion company asked him to be a script editor and then Head of Children's Series on shows such as *Small Time*; he was also writing serial stories for the *Eagle* comic. Ling then turned to crime shows for A-R such as *Murder Bag*, *Crime Sheet* and *Jango*, and in 1961 created a new BBC soap opera, *Compact*, with Hazel Adair (whom he had met on *Whirlygig*), as well as writing for *The Avengers* with his wife, Sheilah Ward. In 1964 Lew Grade asked him to create an ATV soap opera set in Birmingham: *Crossroads* was the result. Ling also created *Champion House* in 1967 and wrote for A-R's *Sexton Blake*.



STORYLINE *MANPOWER*

The storyline for *Manpower*'s first episode begins with the Doctor, Jamie and Zoe travelling; there is friction between Jamie and Zoe because the former still misses Victoria. The instruments go haywire and Dr Who loses control of the TARDIS at the centre of a magnetic storm. The ship breaks up and the travellers are whisked in different directions; the Doctor passing out as he freefalls towards a point of light. Arriving in a strange forest, the Doctor is watched by "a strange semi-human monster with a sinister, uniform appearance"; Ling suggested "a faceless head – a simple 'brain creature'" with "enlarged sensitive hands capable of 'seeing' or 'hearing' by turning towards a sound like a radar scanner". The Creature is joined by others to form an army unit, relaying images to a Control Room. The Doctor meets a man in "18th Century costume (leather coat, buckled shoes, Tom Jones wig)" who is a time traveller himself, born in 1726. Two of the 'soldiers' interrogate the Doctor with a series of riddles; their solutions allow a life-size cutout of Jamie to come to life. They rescue Zoe from a jar in a forest of words, but the stranger gives them away to the soldiers; herded onto a night plain they are charged at by a unicorn.

right . . . rather like a car side-light with ribbed or diffused glass and a single light burning inside it." The full revelation was written: "We hear the metallic marching of the army . . . Rigid, faceless automatons in toy soldier uniform . . . on their backs are fixed revolving keys."

Gulliver's identity was kept secret until Episode 2, and so he was referred to as "Stranger" wearing "18th century costume." Ling took the dialogue from Swift's work: "Hekinah Degul" and "Tolgo Phonac" are the first Lilliputian words Gulliver hears; "Langro Dehul San" was their instruction to cut his bindings; the Yahoos were creatures which Gulliver encountered in his adventure with the Houyhnhums; "Glumdalclitch" was Gulliver's name for his nurse in Brobdingnag; Gulliver's own background was drawn upon for his talk with the Doctor in Episode 3. The riddles were now set by children ("A little girl . . . dressed in Edwardian childrens' clothes – like an E. Nesbit illustration . . . a boy – in Norfolk jacket, cap and knickerbockers") inspired by the main characters in *The Story of the Treasure Seekers* and *Five Children and It*, two children's novels by E Nesbit published in 1899 and 1902 which Ling had always enjoyed.

Episode 2 introduced the Citadel, later described as "fairy-tale towers, domes and pinnacles under a starry sky"; Jamie encountered Rapunzel, "a typical fairy-tale princess", the princess with long hair in the tower taken from one of the European legends collected by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm in *Grimm's Fairy Tales* (1812-1815). The script specified a screen showing a page from Robert Louis Stevenson's 1883 novel *Treasure Island*, while a taped reading was heard of the opening of Louisa M Alcott's 1869 work *Little Women*. Ling indicated that the Apparatus Room should have cabinets marked with works such as *Vanity Fair* (William Makepeace Thackeray, 1848), *The Pit and the Pendulum* (Edgar Allan Poe, 1843), *Swallows and Amazons* (Arthur Ransome, 1931), *Don Quixote* (Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, 1605/1615) and *Legends of Ancient Greece*.

The Minotaur featured in Episode 2 was drawn from the Greek legends of the half-man/half-bull creature which inhabited the Knossos labyrinth. Greek myths also gave the Medusa: "a life-sized 'statue' of a classical female figure, with stiff sculpted draperies." Medusa was one of the three Gorgons whose hair were entwined with serpents and who turned to stone all those who looked at them; the opening of Episode 3 had the Doctor recall how Perseus used reflections to get close enough to kill Medusa.

Ling introduced a spoof comic strip hero in the Karkus: "a terrifying figure . . . a giant of a man in a glittering cat-suit of black plastic, wearing a swirling cloak, and carrying a very weird-looking ray-gun. He speaks in a thick foreign accent"; in costume designs the character was noted as having a "Batman-type outfit", referring to the popular comic character created by Bob Kane in 1939 and whose camp television adventures had aired on ITV since summer 1966. Episode 3 also fully revealed the Master – "He is a dear little old gentleman: benign and white-haired, wearing spectacles and a skullcap . . . There are two leads running from the Master's head to the computer beside him." The Master spoke in two different voices; his normal tones and a "clipped, inhuman" voice when the computer operated.

The final battle scene between fictional characters included some real historical figures who passed into literary history. The first of these was Cyrano de Bergerac, a 17th century Parisienne with a brilliant mind and a large nose who, after a spell in the guards, studied mathematics and wrote satirical works attacking current beliefs; in 1897 Cyrano was romanticised as a gallant poetic soldier by Edmund Rostand. The other real person was Blackbeard, a 17th/18th century English pirate called Edward Teach who had been the scourge of the North Carolina coastline; the popular figure became enmeshed in tales of piracy and on such television shows as *The Buccaneers*. The other two characters were D'Artagnan, the young hero from Alexandre Dumas' 1844 novel *Les Trois Mousquetaires* (*The Three Musketeers*), and the legendary Sir Lancelot; the greatest knight of the Round Table in Celtic Arthurian legend whose first literary appearance was in the 12th century romance novel *Erec* by Chretien de Troyes.

In terms of continuity, Jamie was heard to utter his usual battlecry of "Craig an toah!" and commented that he was the son of a piper; the Master commented that the Doctor was ageless, existing outside the barriers of time and space; and the fictionalized Jamie and Zoe largely spoke lines from the start of the serial.

On Friday 29th March a revised planning document indicated that *Manpower* was to run for five episodes as Serial UU, gaining an episode from the preceding serial, *The Dominators*; both *The Dominators* and *Manpower* would be held back to start the sixth season in August and filming on *Manpower* was planned from Sunday 9th to Monday 17th June, with the first day on location. With Ling's story structured in four parts, the extra episode was added at the beginning and written by Sherwin as a Staff Contribution, with minimal changes to Ling's four scripts. Sherwin's aim was to dovetail the serial into the end of *The Dominators*, and to develop a narrative which hinted that Ling's story could merely be a nightmare if the concepts became too implausible. Drawing upon his experience of tight scripting on *Thirty Minute Theatre*, Sherwin kept costs to a minimum with no extra sets, cast members or props.

DIRECTOR
DAVID MALONEY

Born in Birmingham, Maloney served in the RAF and then became a reporter on the *Evening Dispatch*. Leaving journalism, he became a stage manager at Birmingham Rep where he started to act, eventually touring and working in the West End. In the early 1960s Maloney joined the BBC as a floor manager, and as a production assistant worked on episodes of *The Rescue, The Romans, The Time Meddler, The Myth Makers* and *The Ark*. Passing the BBC's Director's Course in early 1968, Maloney worked on *Z Cars*.

On Thursday 4th April Ling's scripts were renumbered and Sherwin requested that the revised Episode 2 be sent as soon as possible; Sunday 7th April saw Sherwin getting official clearance to write Episode 1 of *Man Power*. The opening scene in the TARDIS reused elements of the script for *The Wheel in Space* Episode 1; notably references to mercury vapour and fluid links, the episode had also established the warning device which Jamie told Zoe about. The Emergency Unit plugged into the console (referred to as the "control unit") was "a small oblong unit. It has two prongs on it which plug into two sockets on the control unit"; the TARDIS Power Room was introduced as "a bank of power storage units – linked banks of printed circuits and cell chambers", while the images on the scanner of Jamie and Zoe's homes were "a Scottish landscape with a loch and hills in the background" and "an ultra modern city – Brasilia?"

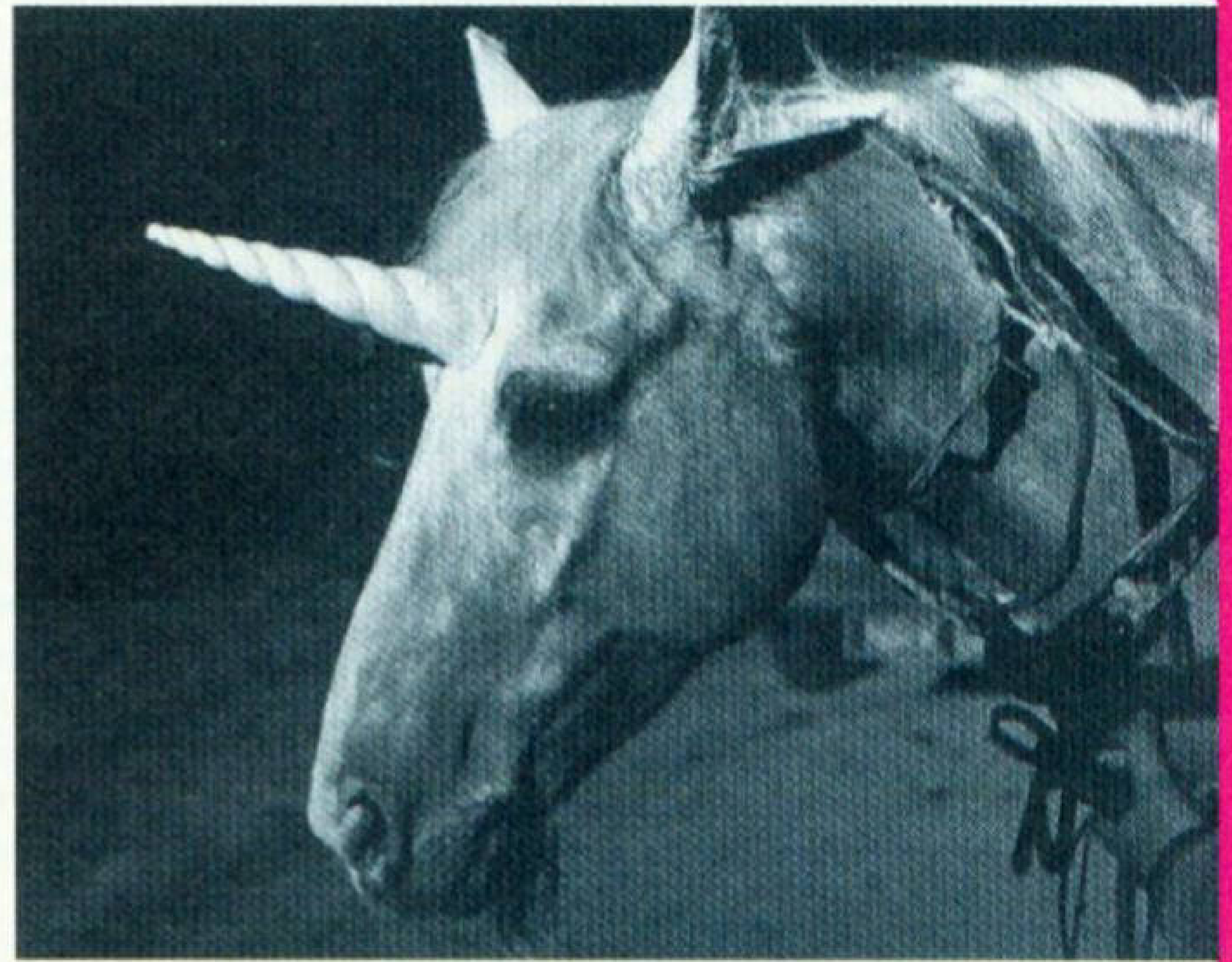
Sherwin's only set requirements apart from the TARDIS were a white and black void; the former was described as "Note: A plain Cyc [cyclorama] with white gauze drapes?" Sherwin introduced a group of white robots which would replace Ling's toy soldiers in some later Citadel sequences: "We cut to see a c.u. [close up] through the gauze of a white robot's slit eyes" and "The white robot . . . has a circular, mirror-faced object in his hands. He raises this and points it towards Jamie and Zoe. A light begins to glow in the circular machine and the reflection off the mirrored surface glares into camera." Sherwin noted that in the void, "The TARDIS is not its usual colour but completely white."

On Tuesday 9th April Sherwin accepted rewritten inserts for Episodes 2 to 4 and a redraft of Episode 5 from Ling; on Thursday 17th Sherwin formally accepted revised scripts for Episodes 3 and 4, but questioned the use of Zorro (the masked avenger of old California created by Johnston McCulley for *All-Story* magazine in 1919) and the first verse of *The Traveller* by 20th century poet/novelist Walter de la Mare ("Is there anybody there, said the Traveller"). At the same time, the Ealing day of Monday 17th June was cancelled and brought forward to Friday 7th June. By Saturday 27th April the serial had been retitled *The Mind Robber*, although there were inconsistencies on the rehearsal scripts; some retained the *Manpower* title; Ling was credited as writer on all five scripts; Episode 1 was subtitled Manpower and Episode 3 was subtitled *The Fact of Fiction*. Two days later, the rearranged Ealing day on Friday 7th June was cancelled. By now, the director had joined the production; David Maloney was offered the story by Shaun Sutton, Head of Serials.

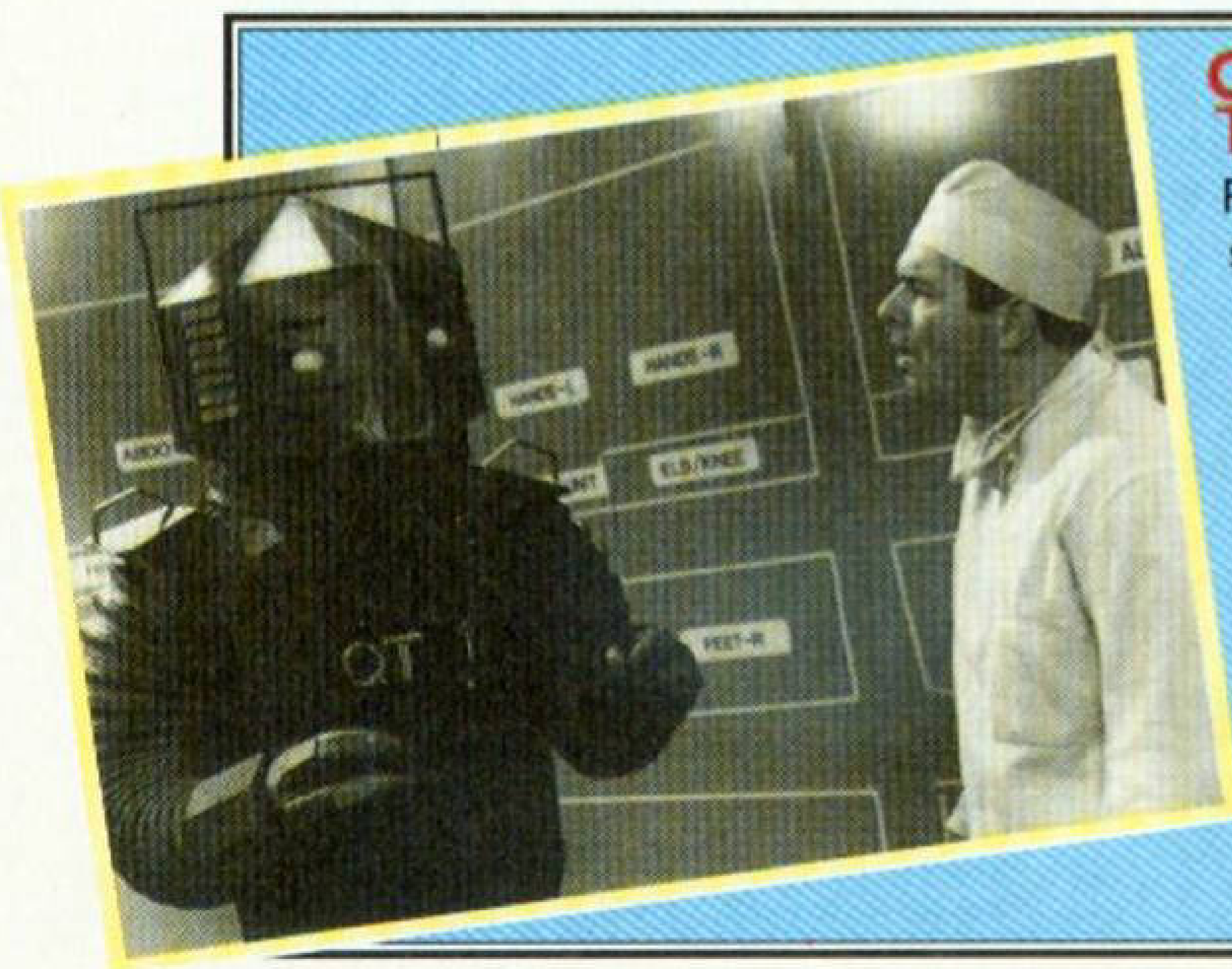
The serial's designer was Evan Hercules, working on his only *Doctor Who* serial, while visual effects came from the two stalwarts of the department, Jack Kine and Bernard Wilkie; Wilkie had worked on *The Ice Warriors* whereas this was Kine's only credited serial. The filming requirements were outlined on Friday 3rd May, and it was decided to subcontract prop building to Shawcraft under close supervision. Sylvia James and Martin Baugh continued to handle make-up and costumes respectively as with stories since *The Abominable Snowmen*.

Wednesday 22nd May saw a number of rewrites on the serial being performed. In the script for Episode 1, these related to the TARDIS crew taking readings from the control unit meter, the Doctor and Zoe in the power room, Jamie and Zoe calling out to the Doctor and his mental battle with the Master, the rescue of Jamie and Zoe from the void and the material featuring the emergency power booster unit. Episode 2's rewrites covered the Master's opening dialogue, dialogue between the Stranger and the Doctor, the "sword" puzzle and the search for Zoe. Episode 4 was cut to remove a scene between Jamie and Gulliver in the Citadel. Several cuts were made to Episode 5: the Master watching the Doctor typing; a scene of the children joining Jamie, Zoe and Gulliver on the roof; a scene between Gulliver and the two companions and three scenes of the Master and the Doctor in the Control Centre. The reason for the trims was to cut each episode down from 25 minutes to 20 as Sherwin explained when sending the rewrites to Patrick Troughton on Monday 27th May.

Shooting on 35mm film began on Sunday 9th June, when Frazer Hines was joined by his cousin, Ian Hines, at Harrison's Rocks at Groombridge in Kent to shoot one of the few location sequences for the serial; Jamie's escape up a cliff from toy soldiers in Episode 3. Ian Hines wore one of the three rigid soldier costumes which had a working zinc iodine lamp mounted in the shako's reflector. It appears that that evening, Maloney's crew travelled to the disused Kenley Aerodrome near Croydon to shoot the Unicorn footage for Episodes 2 and 3; the pony, Goldy, was provided by Miss Joan Rosaire of Billericay in Essex. Goldy turned out, perhaps unsurprisingly, to be light brown instead of white, so the production team acquired white blanco from a nearby RAF base to put on the pony along with a fake horn; filming took place around 2am.

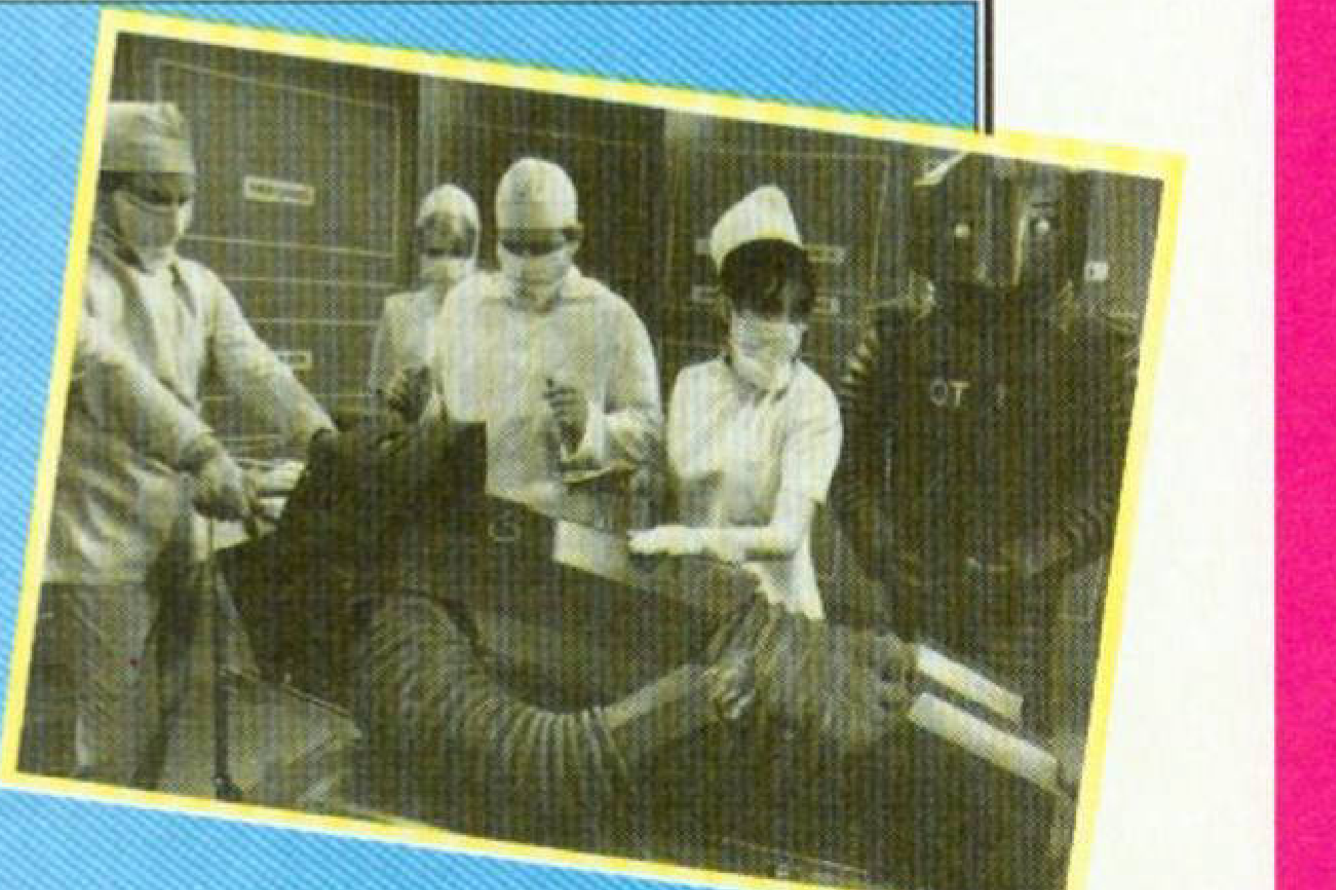


Monday 10th and Tuesday 11th were spent shooting silent model sequences at the



COSTUME
THE WHITE ROBOTS

Four white robots appeared in the serial, the costumes coming from stock; a total of nine had been constructed by Richard Henry for an episode of the BBC2 science fiction anthology *Out of the Unknown* titled *The Prophet* (adapted from *Reason* by Isaac Asimov), recorded in 1966. Four outfits had their identification numbers removed and were repainted (three were yellow, one gray) for *The Mind Robber*.



Puppet Theatre, a small studio at Television Centre. It was originally planned that Sue Pulford, the actress playing the Medusa, would be needed for filming, but all the inserts were achieved using a model head crafted by visual effects sculptor John Friedlander. The snakes came to life and writhed via the time-consuming process of stop-frame animation; also filmed were scenes of molten lava (foam) surging around the model TARDIS and the model TARDIS falling apart at the end of Episode 1.

UNUSED STORIES PETER LING

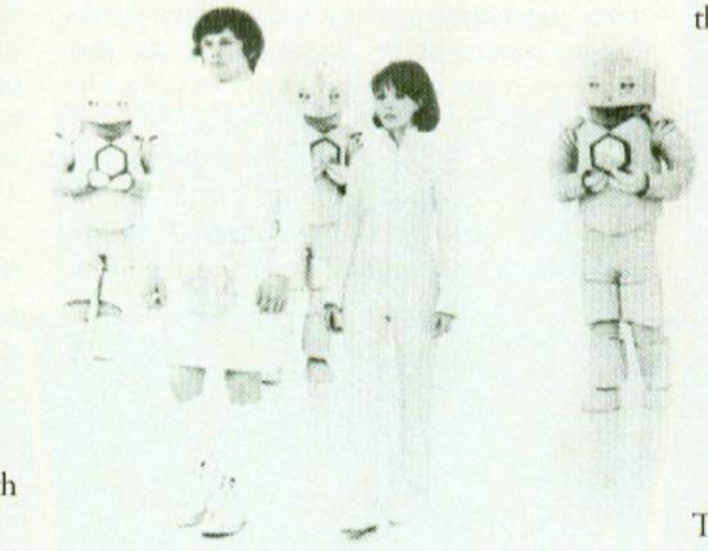
The Mind Robber was to be Peter Ling's only broadcast *Doctor Who* serial; he discussed a second serial with Terrance Dicks set in a place where time ran backwards but this proved too complex and was abandoned. Around 1983 Ling and Hazel Adair were approached by John Nathan-Turner, then producer of *Doctor Who*, who wished to revive *Compact* under the title of *Impact*. Some pilot scripts were written but the series never developed, but as a result Nathan-Turner invited a *Doctor Who* storyline submission. This was *Hex*, a Peter Davison story in which the Doctor and Peri come up against the bee-like Hexagorians whose Queen Zafia is kidnapping Britain's top scientists; the storyline went through three versions, being cut down from six episodes to four, and then reworked as two double-length episodes. Although Nathan-Turner was enthusiastic, script editor Eric Saward was not so keen and the story was dropped. Ling now works on novels about London in the early part of the century.

Wednesday 12th saw the first of three days at Stage 2 of the BBC's Ealing Film Studios. Filming on this day included the scene in Episode 5 of the Karkus firing his anti-molecular disintegrator ray (a working prop with a flash charge) at the three toy soldiers (the costumes for which this time featured the working rotating keys in the backpacks) and shots of the white robots being destroyed for Episode 5.

On Thursday 13th Hines and Wendy Padbury left rehearsals for *The Dominators* Episode 5 to film their remaining inserts: Jamie and Zoe in white costumes on the void set in Episode 1; Jamie and Zoe clutching the 'control unit' on a black set at the end of Episode 1 and Zoe trapped inside a huge jar for Episode 2. The fictional characters' battle arranged by fight expert John Greenwood (who also played D'Artagnan and Sir Lancelot) started shooting on this day on the Citadel roof set; stuntmen Gerry Wain and David Cannon were brought in for the swordfight as Blackbeard and Cyrano and featured in a photocall. The fight was completed on Friday 14th with Wain and Greenwood.

Rehearsals began on Monday 17th June at St Helens' Church Hall. Extra dialogue was added to Episode 1 such as Jamie explaining what a "wee maclartey" is to Zoe. On Wednesday 19th Troughton and Emrys Jones (playing the Master) pre-recorded "thinks" tracks for the mental battle for Episode 1.

Episode 1 of *The Mind Robber* was recorded in Studio TC3 from 8.30pm to 10pm; the standard time planned for all episodes. During the camera rehearsals, a photocall was held of regulars in the TARDIS, plus Jamie, Zoe and the white robots in the void. Recording began with a reworking of the final scene of *The Dominators*, after which the Episode 1 caption was superimposed over the model lava film on the TARDIS scanner (the serial title was superimposed over the opening credits and, for the only time in the show's run, no writer credit was given, although the caption 'by Peter Ling' was listed on the camera script). The TARDIS set used photographic blow-up walls and panels of dials with some of the usual props such as the orrary and trunk. Added to the console was a new large power dial and a socket into which the Doctor could plug the emergency unit; smoke was used as the mercury vaporized and the camera image was overexposed as the emergency unit was activated (originally this had been intended to be the same positive/negative image used when the Daleks fired at people. Maloney saw this as an indication of the 'fictionalizing' process). Hines and Padbury initially retained their outfits from *The Dominators*, but after a recording break, both changed costumes; the next scene showed for the first and only time the TARDIS power room, which incorporated the freezing machine prop from *The Space Museum*: *The Final Phase* that had also appeared as the X-Ray laser in *The Wheel in Space*.



GM Studios provided caption slides of Jamie and Zoe's homes for the scanner screen; a photograph of the Scottish highlands and a drawing of a futuristic city, the former accompanied by some stock bagpipes music. These images were superimposed on the faces of Jamie and Zoe as they gazed at their homes. The TARDIS doors opened onto whiteness; when somebody walked out into the void, a white area was inlaid over the top of them, making them vanish. Recording on the white set allowed Maloney to use some disorientating camera shots and cross-fading of images, as well as a blank background to fade up the Scotland photocaption; the studio sound was slightly echoed. The film of the white-costumed Jamie and Zoe beckoning to the Doctor was superimposed over a shot of Troughton in the TARDIS; superimposition was also used to place concentric circles from a whirling light box over Jamie and Zoe as the white robots fired their chest weapons.

During a recording break, Hines and Padbury changed into their white outfits; when the Doctor left the TARDIS, the police box exterior had been painted white and then another break allowed Hines and Padbury to revert to their normal costumes. For the scene in which the Doctor brings Jamie and Zoe into the TARDIS control room, the scanner screen unfortunately relayed a picture of the closing caption slide "Producer: Peter Bryant". The last shot recorded was of Troughton revolving on a podium/chair on a black limbo set. Episode 1 was edited two days later on Sunday 23rd June; the same pattern was used for the next three episodes.

The children who joined the cast for Episode 2 were supplied by the Corona Stage School and included Sylvestra Le Tozel, who in later years found fame as Sylvestra Le Touzel. Playing Gulliver was Bernard Horsfall, who had starred as the detective Campion in some BBC serials some years earlier. However, Hines was taken ill at the start of the week, and by Wednesday 26th the crew were aware that he had contracted chicken pox from his nephews and would not be available to record that Friday. Working rapidly, Sherwin restructured Episodes 2 and 3 around the game of building up Jamie's face to give the character a different identity, hence allowing another actor, Hamish Wilson, to be cast. Minimal dialogue was written in; originally the cardboard cut-out had simply returned to life after the Doctor solved the word-puzzle. On Friday 28th Hines was sent the rewritten script for Episode 3 for his return, the changes relating to the restoration of Jamie and where Jamie encountered the redcoat again. It was decided to record Hines' opening scene of Episode 2 with Episode 5.

Episode 2 was recorded in TC3 on Friday 28th, with a photocall for the soldiers, the regular cast and the partially costumed Emrys Jones on the forest sets; Jones did not appear fully in the episode. Padbury and Wilson prerecorded some of their echoing lines of dialogue for the forest earlier the same day. The Episode 2 caption was shown after the reprise (an extended version of the closing film sequence plus a new insert of Troughton). The voices in the forest were slightly echoed, a smoke gun provided a mist, and the background sound effect was the "Thal wind" noise created for the first Dalek serial. A recording run-on lead up to Jamie turning into a cardboard cut-out. For the scene of Zoe falling through the door, Padbury simply fell out of camera shot. The Control Centre set used three monitors to relay images from other cameras, supposedly as seen by the soldiers. Until late in the day it was planned to use stock music; sinister organ music for the tin soldiers and for the scenes of Jamie as a cut-out, harpsichord music for Zoe appearing in the jar and the nursery rhyme *Boys & Girls Come Out To Play* for the children.

The sudden disappearance of the Stranger was achieved with clever camera angles and swift movement from Horsfall; similarly, the scene in which the sword was thrown in the air and came down as a dictionary was achieved without a break. For the word-puzzle, a caption of an 'M' and 'T' both with lines through them was shown, superimposed on a film sequence of a fog loop; this was followed by the graphic of a hand with the letter 'H' crossed out. For the change in Jamie's face, the 'Identikit Unit' offered four faces cut into three sections; these belonging to Hines, Wilson, Maloney and one other unidentified person. At a recording break, the cut-out was removed and Wilson took its place. When Zoe was rescued, a slide caption of a wall was cross-faded to the film of Padbury in the jar, after which Padbury emerged from the prop in studio.

Recording breaks were scheduled around the sequence where Jamie climbs a tree; for this scene, Richard Hallifax had been hired to double for Hines (as on *The Enemy of the World*) for some shots, allowing the actor (Wilson as it transpired) to move to the small set at the top of the tree; Jamie's view of the forest was a model of rows of raised letters forming words. A final recording break allowed the cast to move from the forest set to the plain set for the cliffhanger of Episode 2. To avoid recreating the set in studio the following week, the first three scenes of Episode 3 were also recorded, using a cardboard cut-out of Goldy. The closing credits to Episode 2 listed Horsfall's character as 'A Stranger' in accordance with Ling's script; the opening episode captions for Episode 3 (and the remaining episodes) were shown over the opening titles.

While rehearsals were underway on Episode 3, with a recovered Hines rejoining the team alongside Wilson, some time was spent unsuccessfully attempting to clear the lines of *The Traveller*. Changes were made to the script for Episode 3 which still referred to the Doctor as "Doctor Who" in dialogue (eg Jamie reading from the 'Work in Progress' ticker-tape: "Doctor Who and Zoe, unable to find their companion . . ." and later "Doctor Who and the girl were face to face . . ."; in the camera script to Episode 4, the Master greets the traveller: "Doctor Who – this is a great pleasure").

Episode 3 was taped at Lime Grove Studio D on Friday 5th July; only one soldier was needed (apparently Ian Hines), with Richard Ireson as the uncredited Minotaur. As before, a recording break allowed both the cardboard and real Jamie to appear on the set; a special prop in the Control Centre used three moving lights behind a transparent map to track the progress of the travellers in the labyrinth; when Jamie overpowered the soldier, Hines placed his coat over the camera relaying the soldier's view to the Control Centre monitors. The Minotaur head came from stock and was only seen in one shot; generally the monster was represented by roars and shadows. The set of the Apparatus Room was dimly lit to allow a slide of the opening pages of *Treasure Island* to be projected on a screen; Christine Pirie, who played Rapunzel, pre-recorded the short reading from *Little Women*. As the Medusa, Pulford wore a static half-mask which replicated the animated head in the film sequences and appeared only in long shots.

Rehearsals for Episode 4 started on Monday 8th, with Bryant writing to Wilson (later a prominent radio producer) and thanking him for his "first class performance". Fight arranger BH Barry had been booked for the week to coach Padbury and Christopher Robbie in their judo fight which was originally peppered with comments from Zoe such as "Lesson 17 . . . From the mind training school" and then "Lesson 32 . . ." It also seems that a special photocall was held on Thursday 11th of Pulford in her Medusa outfit for publicity purposes.

Friday 12th July saw the taping of Episode 4, again at Lime Grove Studio D and with Jones having pre-recorded some of his 'computer' lines. The reprise for Episode 4 differed from the end of Episode 3 by transposing some of Jamie's dialogue. The Citadel was established by an artist's painting of the clifftop castle, just before a small explosion among some prop rocks heralded the Karkus. An animated star effect had been filmed for the appearance of the Karkus, and although Maloney had at one point planned to drop this, it was superimposed over the crossfade shot from the empty set to the shot of Robbie in position; the Karkus' anti-molecular ray disintegrator vanished between camera shots without a break or run-on; during the fight, Padbury was conscious that she had mis-timed several moves and consequently stumbled over her next few lines. A recording break allowed the cast to move from the Apparatus Room to the Control Centre set; seen fully for the first time, this housed the master brain prop (referred to as 'Brain') which had internal workings that illuminated and rotated. Maloney had originally planned to use the negative/positive effect as Jamie and Zoe were fictionalized inside the book – instead, he opted to superimpose the whirling light box effect from Episode 1.

On Monday 15th Sherwin wrote to Ling, apologising for neglecting the writer but explaining he was busy on *The Invasion* and that Maloney's splendid work on *Manpower* (as he still called it) had caused even Shaun Sutton to be enthusiastic at the playbacks. At this stage, Ling was to discuss another story with Dicks; Sherwin wanted another intriguing idea, suggesting that pure SF and monsters should be left to less original writers. For the final episode before the summer's

AUDIENCE REACTION

The ratings for *The Mind Robber* were a slight improvement on those for *The Dominators*, although there was a notable slip in chart position for the final episode; however, Episode 5 still captured 13.3% of the viewing audience with only 9.6% watching ITV. With the restructured ITV networks emerging from transmission disputes, the competition consisted of *Nice Time* (LWT), *Tom Grattan's War* (Yorkshire), *Time for Blackburn!* (Granada) or *Gentle Ben* (ATV/Southern) for the first three weeks, whereafter the ITV Saturday schedules changed to the new Gerry Anderson series *Joe 90* (LWT/Southern), the popular *Tarzan* (ATV/Yorkshire) and *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (Granada). On Thursday 5th December an Audience Research Report on Episode 5 of *The Mind Robber* was compiled from 238 questionnaires. It was generally felt that "the element of fantasy in Dr Who was getting out of hand", which most felt to be "too silly for words", indicating that "Dr Who had had his day". Almost a third of the sample found the story clever and original, although, with the exception of Troughton and Hines, the acting was felt to be below standard; children's responses were good, although it was noted that many would not have understood the plot.

break, Susan Wheal took over as costume supervisor from Baugh.

Episode 5 was taped in TC3 on Friday 19th July, beginning with the brief scene of Jamie and the redcoat for insertion into Episode 2. After this, Episode 5 was captured directly on 35mm film instead of two-inch videotape to allow greater editing and intercutting. Episode 5's filming began with a new version of the reprise, this being seen in the Control Centre on a large Eidophore screen which could project film images or those from other cameras. The Karkus removed a lightweight prop skylight, after which a recording run-on allowed Troughton to move from the roof set down to the Apparatus Room. Because close-ups were required of the words being typed by the Doctor, typist Trish Phillips was hired to produce the words on cue. Originally a soldier came in shot to monitor the Doctor and relay the image to the Control Centre; Maloney had hoped to split the picture on the Eidophore diagonally, with one half showing the Doctor typing while the other had the actual typing on it.

Three recording breaks were scheduled during the scene on the roof where Jamie and Zoe lure the Doctor into a trap; the first to remove the TARDIS prop and replace it with the glass box containing Troughton and the fake TARDIS frontage, the second break to move the box containing Troughton to an area of black drapes and superimpose this on the picture as the box faded away, and the third to move the box and Troughton again to the Control Centre. A recording break allowed Hines and Padbury to move from the Citadel Roof to the pages of the giant book. Backing the film of the fictional characters fighting, Maloney dubbed in one minute 25 seconds of a classical composition, *Sinfonie No 7 E-dur Scherzo* by Austrian composer Anton Bruckner, played by Eugen Jochum and the Berliner Philharmoniker. As the Master Brain overloaded, the Eidophore projection screen showed a film sequence of brief extracts of the unicorn and Medusa cut together. The filmed fog loop was superimposed on both the burning Control Centre and, after a recording break for the artists to move, on the Plain set. The Doctor's party vanished in a fade to black, after which the model film of the TARDIS breaking up was shown in reverse. After the closing credits, a caption reading "Next Episode: *The Invasion*" was shown.

The Mind Robber was announced in the BBC Drama Early Warning Synopsis on Friday 2nd August, and the *Radio Times* for Thursday 12th September carried a brief article promoting the new serial entitled *Dr Who and the Mind Robber* with a photograph of Cyrano; there was also press coverage in the *Daily Express* the day the serial began, with Martin Jackson picking up on the appearance of such 'fictional' characters as Cyrano, Gulliver, Lancelot and Blackbeard.

The serial was sold abroad as 16mm film prints to Australia (arriving August 1969 and shown uncut with a 'G' rating), Singapore in 1971 and Gibraltar and Hong Kong around 1972. The 35mm film of Episode 5 was retained by the BBC Archives as an example of the series, while the videotapes of the first four episodes were destroyed in the early 1970s. In 1977 it transpired that BBC Enterprises retained all the episodes on 16mm film and had been marketing it as late as 1974.

Ling novelized the serial (including Sherwin's material) as *Doctor Who – The Mind Robber* for WH Allen, reworking the opening on Dulkis from *The Dominators* into a volcanic encounter with Vesuvius. With a cover painting by David McAllister, the hardback was issued in November 1986 with paperback Book No 115 following from Target in March 1987. The book was issued again in 1990 with Alister Pearson's artwork from the BBC Video release on the cover.

The Mind Robber was sold abroad again in the 1980s to Australia, New Zealand and North America (where it was also syndicated as a one hour 34-minute TV movie); on Sunday 30th October 1983 it represented the Troughton era at the National Film Theatre's *Doctor Who – The Developing Art*. In May 1990 BBC Video issued the serial commercially on video with the Next Episode caption at the end of Episode 5 removed; the serial was broadcast on BSB on Sunday 23rd September 1990, but a scheduled repeat on Boxing Day that year fell through after BSB was bought out; to date it has not been shown on UK Gold. *The Mind Robber* was selected to represent the Troughton era in a season of repeats which began in January 1992 on BBC2; it was broadcast on Friday evenings with late slots for Episodes 3 and 4 due to coverage of the Winter Olympics. Sound effects from the serial were released in July 1993 on the CD *Doctor Who: 30 Years at the Radiophonic Workshop*. The BBC retain the film prints and copies on D3 videotape.

Andrew Pixley

SERIAL UU **THE MIND ROBBER**

CAST Patrick Troughton (*Dr Who*) with Emrys Jones (*The Master*), Bernard Horsfall (*A Stranger/Gulliver*)* [2-5] and Frazer Hines (*Jamie*), Wendy Padbury (*Zoe*) with John Atterbury, Ralph Carrigan, Bill Wiesener, Terry Wright (*Robots*) [1,4-5]; Hamish Wilson (*Jamie*) [2-3], Philip Ryan (*Redcoat*) [2-3]; Barbara Loft, Sylvestra Le Tozel, Timothy Horton, Christopher Reynalds, David Reynalds, Martin Langley (*Children*) [2,5]; Paul Alexander, Ian Hines, Richard Ireson (*Soldiers*) [2-3,5]; Christine Pirie (*Princess Rapunzel*) [3,5], Sue Pulford (*The Medusa*) [3-4], Christopher Robbie (*Karkus*) [4-5], David Cannon (*Cyrano*) [5], John Greenwood (*D'Artagnan and Sir Lancelot*) [5], Gerry Wain (*Blackbeard*) [5].

* Credited as *A Stranger* on-screen for Episode 2 and in *Radio Times* for Episodes 2-3

EXTRAS Richard Hallifax (*Double for Jamie*); Christine Pirie (*Woman's Voice*); Richard Ireson (*Minotaur*).

CREDITS Written by Peter Ling [2-5, Derrick Sherwin uncredited on 1]. Fights Arranged by BH Barry [4], John Greenwood [5]. Title Music by Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Special Sound by Brian Hodgson, BBC Radiophonic Workshop*. Visual Effects Designed by Jack Kine and Bernard Wilkie*. Costumes: Martin Baugh* [Susan Wheal on 5, uncredited]. Make-Up: Sylvia James*. Lighting: Howard T King*. Sound: John Holmes*. Film Cameraman: Jimmy Court*. Film Editor: Martin Day*. Script Editor: Derrick Sherwin. Designer: Evan Hercules. Producer: Peter Bryant. Directed by David Maloney.

* Credited on Episode 5 only

UK TRANSMISSION DETAILS

Episode 1	14th September 1968	5.20pm-5.40pm
Episode 2	21st September 1968	5.20pm-5.40pm
Episode 3	28th September 1968	5.20pm-5.40pm
Episode 4	5th October 1968	5.20pm-5.40pm
Episode 5	12th October 1968	5.20pm-5.40pm

Repeat Details (BBC2)

Episode 1	31st January 1992	6.50pm-7.10pm
Episode 2	21st September 1992	6.50pm-7.10pm
Episode 3	28th September 1992	7.40pm-8.00pm
Episode 4	5th October 1992	7.40pm-8.00pm
Episode 5	12th October 1992	6.50pm-7.10pm

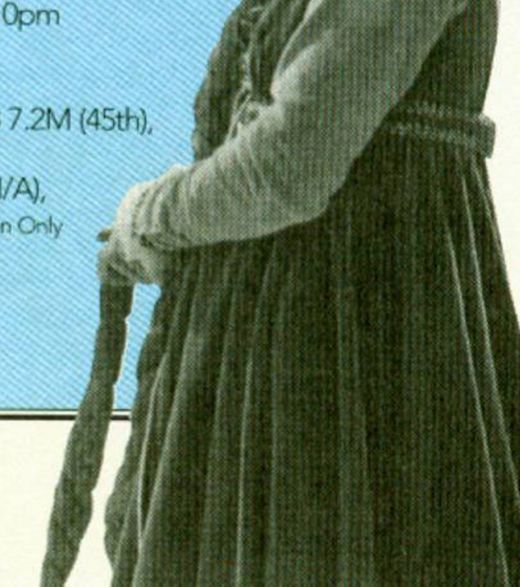
Viewing Figures

Episode 1 6.6M (55th), **Episode 2** 6.5M (54th), **Episode 3** 7.2M (45th), **Episode 4** 7.3M (44th), **Episode 5** 6.7M (84th).
Repeats: 2.6M (16th*), 2.6M (20th*), 1.5M (N/A), 1.5M (N/A), 3.5M (10th*).

* BBC2 Position Only

Audience Appreciation

Episode 1 51%, **Episode 2** 49%, **Episode 3** 53%, **Episode 4** 56%, **Episode 5** 49%



Timelines

compiled by **Scott Gray**

Send your letters to
Timelines
Doctor Who Magazine
Marvel Comics
Panini House
Coach and Horses Passage
The Pantiles
Tunbridge Wells
Kent TN2 5UJ

or e-mail us at
doctorwho@marmags.demon.co.uk

THE FANS OF TIME

Having just read Issue 243 cover to cover – excellent as always – I felt that I had to write and comment upon Sean Longcroft's strip *Doctor Who and the Fangs of Time*.

Quite simply; brilliant. Great art, plenty of humour, well-observed pathos. I recognised so many familiar situations from my own experience of growing up as a *Doctor Who* fan in the seventies, such as the mad rush to get home to catch the latest episode (no video recorders then) – I can well remember as a seven-year-old hassling my mum and dad to finish a boring furniture shopping trip one Saturday afternoon so that I could get home to catch the last episode of *Inferno*. Meeting the Doctor: I was so thrilled to meet Jon Pertwee close to my school in Barnes, and also attending a fête at a friend's school in 1975 to meet Tom Baker. Splendid fellow – both of them. Writing *Doctor Who* stories, being a notorious fan at school . . . It's all there.

In short, the whole strip was so true to life, so full of the spirit of the series and of the time, so . . . brilliant. Huge congrats to Sean and **DWM**. More, please!

Nick Mays
Doncaster,
South Yorkshire.

As a young *Doctor Who* fan I always clamber to get **DWM** when it comes out. Looking at some of them, it appears that it's returning to its original form of a comic as it was all those years ago. At the top it sports the phrase "News, features, interviews and comic strip action!" The **Doctor Who Weekly** had a similar phrase. Also, you have brought back the *Crazy Caption* competition, as well as creating a crazier layout. Don't get me wrong, I don't think these are mistakes – in fact I love the layout and hope it will progress.

Even though I was disappointed in there being no Eighth Doctor comic strip, I was impressed with *The Fangs of Time* in Issue 243. It represents almost exactly what being a *Doctor Who* fan is all about. Even when the repeat of *The Dæmons* was on, my parents had to race to get home in time. The mention of school life and girlfriends was also accurate. But the most important part was the Doctor saying that part of us (fans in general) will always be four years old. Sean Longcroft has the right idea.

At last *The Evil of the Daleks* has finished and I can look at the whole thing in its complete form. But as I finished it, I noticed that it won't be back until "a few months" which is a pity. I look forward to the Telesnaps each month so don't slow them down.

However much I like Bernice Summerfield, I don't feel she can hold up a series of books on her own. I wouldn't mind too much if it was just one or two, but fans will not have the money to buy them and possibly all the other books and merchandise the BBC will fling out when it gets into full swing. It's a nice idea but I doubt it'll work.

PS. Is *Outside the Spaceship* getting so desperate for information on the stars that it has to put in attempts to steal Tom Baker's lawnmower?
PPS. Did they get caught?

Robert Crighton
Lavenham,
Suffolk.

I never actually thought I'd write to comment on a comic strip. You see, for me the comic strip is always the thing I read last, and then without any great interest. Oh, I remember those halcyon days of *The Iron Legion* and *The Star Beast*, the great storylines, the illustrations and Sharon(!).

The Sylvester McCoy finale wasn't half-bad, but for me the absolute highlight of the comic strips so far through 17 years of publication has to be *Doctor Who and the Fangs of Time*. Beautifully illustrated, a great sense of humour, terribly postmodern, and an incisive examination of the grip *Doctor Who* can have over the years.

Like Sean Longcroft, there came a time when I felt too "grown up" for *Doctor Who*. It was *Remembrance of the Daleks* and a video of *Terror of the Zygons* that got me back into it. "So it *was* as good as I remember it," I thought.

So I rejoined the Doctor on his travels, and while I never became quite as zealous about him as I had once been (I once edited a fanzine, apologies to anyone who ever bought it!), I do occasionally sit down and watch a story, and my knowledge of the programme is still embarrassingly encyclopedic. Anyway, the point of this little trip down memory lane was to say how much I enjoyed the comic strip. More, please!

Now a word about *Temporal orbits*. I think Steve Lyons misses a couple of very important stories in his argument. First is *The Space Museum* which is specifically concerned with our intrepid time travellers attempting to alter their own future, something the Doctor tells us is impossible in *The Aztecs*. Now, admittedly, this isn't concerned with Earth history, but it does mark a change in the programme's philosophy. And it's a philosophy which is further extended/tortured in the following story, *The Chase*, where the Daleks are seen to be directly responsible for the mystery of the Marie Celeste.

Now whether the Daleks are a new slant on established history (ie they've changed it) or part of history (ie this is what happened), we can't be sure, but it

►

THE HIT PARADE

A **DWM** contributor sneers mockingly at the cathode ray tube and turns his loving attention to the wonderment of the Doctor's newsprint-bound adventures, dodging thought bubbles, letratone and jagged panel borders along the way . . .

Scott Gray
Assistant Editor, **DWM**

1. *Voyager* (Doctor Who Magazine)

"'Logic tells us the world is round. But logic is a new toy.' Surreal, hilarious and genuinely unnerving, this story brilliantly demonstrates the full potential of *Doctor Who* in the comics medium. The magnificent visuals from John Ridgway range from the epic 'edge of the world' sequence to a sublime eight-panel interlude of the Doctor descending a lighthouse. Steve Parkhouse couldn't have composed a better swan-song."

2. *Junkyard Demon* (Doctor Who Monthly)
"Mike McMahon effortlessly reshapes the Doctor in his own image, adding a quirky look for the Cybermen. Flots, Jets and Dutch appear to have strayed out of their own regular strip for a couple of months for a crossover. Magic."

3. *The Daleks – Rogue Planet/Impasse* (TV Century 21)
"Whatever happened to Robot 2K, anyway? He casually out-Bonds every other secret agent in the galaxy on his mission to infiltrate Skaro, defeat the Daleks, destroy a planet and outwit the Mechanoids, and all before tea-time too. And his head turns into a drill as well!"

4. *Doctor Who and the Star Beast* (Doctor Who Weekly)
"This one would be here simply for the scene where Mrs Higgins offers Constable Zreeg another cup of tea (he opts for more cake instead), but it also features Sharon's debut and the colossally wonderful Meep. We should always remember how much *fun* this series can be . . ."

5. *End of the Line* (Doctor Who Monthly)
". . . and how *grim*. Dave Gibbons' friendly, accessible style is neatly subverted in one of the bleakest *Doctor Who* stories of any medium – even the eternally upbeat Fourth Doctor wonders if this will be his final battleground. The ending remains quite devastating for this jaded reader."

6. *Fellow Travellers* (Doctor Who Magazine)
"The first sign that the **DWM** strip's fortunes were changing after a lengthy drought of ideas. The storytelling might be a touch dodgy, but the 'darkening' of the Seventh Doctor's character, Ace's arrival and Cartmel's effectively moody tale got me re-enthused about the Doctor's strip adventures."

7. *Sub Zero* (Countdown)
"This is here for purely nostalgic reasons: 'Doors in the ice . . . Doors in the ice . . .' was the most chilling (sorry) line of dialogue my six-year-old eyes had ever seen, and that opening chapter still gets my spinal column tingling today!"

8. *Doctor Who and the Fangs of Time* (Doctor Who Magazine)
"Sean's strip perfectly sums up my fan childhood (and many others, judging by reader reaction), but with echoes of Gibbons, McMahon and Parkhouse in the art, it also serves as a superb tribute to the strip."

9. *The Cybermen* (Doctor Who Magazine)
"A perfect example of an artistic learning curve: Alan Barnes and Adrian Salmon began well, but by the end of their run, they were both better creators by several light-years. Adrian topped his mentor (Mr McMahon) with the most stylish Cybermen ever, and Alan provided a curiously moving finale to his epic."

10. *The Tides of Time* (Doctor Who Monthly)
"This one's a tad overrated, but is still a blindingly good cosmic jaunt, with the amiable Sir Justin and the super-cool Shayde tagging along. A real *tour de force* from Gibbons (particularly the carnival sequence), and bags of mind-expanding concepts from Parkhouse."

The CLONE ZONE

"I'm surprised and delighted!"
Former *Who* producer, John Nathan-Turner.

"I won't let you take Claire, Liam!"
***EastEnders*' vid-shop manager Nigel Bates.**

does mark a major departure a little earlier than Steve suggests; the first pseudohistorical "episode" if you like.

Stuart Palmer
Hull,
North Humberside.

20 OF THE BEST

I felt it was time I wrote to congratulate you on the superb *20 greatest Doctor Who moments* article, which made the point that *Doctor Who* is the best television programme ever made – and don't you forget it!

It made me recall the *Fluid Links* article in **DWM** 235 about merchandise. It seems that some *Doctor Who* fans – including some I know – care more about merchandise than they do the programme itself. They measure how good a *Doctor Who* fan you are by the size of your collection. I enjoy collecting merchandise and I don't want to sound hypocritical – I have quite a large collection, but it is my love of the show that makes me collect *Doctor Who* material, not their value in 20 year's time.

Does it matter that your completely untouched boxed Dapol models are worth a few bob in a few years if you get no enjoyment from them? Looking after models is one thing, keeping them under lock and key to make a profit is another. Storing videos the right way up is common sense – keeping your *Daleks* limited edition box set in an airtight room never to be watched is pure obsessive.

Maybe I am slightly over-exaggerating the point, but what I am trying to say is that the enjoyment should come from the show itself – from moments like the ones highlighted in your magazine – not from "overpriced crap" as Matthew Jones stated in **DWM** 235.

Thank you very much, Messers Jones, Barnes and Ware, for articles such as these. Let's have more of them.

Peter A Rae
Chorley,
Lancs.

Well done to all concerned for Issue 242. Following the necessarily subdued tone of the previous issue's Jon Pertwee tribute, **DWM**'s usual mix of news, reviews and innovative, quirky features was back to its usual self.

The *20 moments* feature was great, and I'm sure it's got many people pondering over what their personal selection should be. This is the sort of feature which has the reader's total agreement at some points and makes them want to gnash their teeth in frustration at others. Magic.

Cliffhangers, as you rightly stated, are a matter for separate study, and I look forward to a feature on this subject along the same lines. Any chance?

Neil Fox
Stourbridge,
West Midlands.

A follow-up piece on cliffhangers is definitely in the works, Neil, as is an additional top-ten Doctor Who *scenes article supplied by you swell folks out there . . .*

NEW ARRIVAL

Hi! I'm a new reader of your magazine. I'd seen maybe two *Doctor Who* stories before watching the telefilm in May. As a child of the *Star Wars* generation, one look at *Doctor Who*'s production values (during the Tom Baker years) was all it took for me to dismiss the show as cheap and hokey. However, I loved the recent telefilm despite its faults. As Gary Gillatt pointed out in the movie review in **DWM** 240, the directing and acting more than made up for a weak plot. For two hours I was enchanted, especially with Paul McGann's magical portrayal of a Doctor who was childlike and ancient, joyous and wistful, vulnerable and commanding, accessible and alien.

Since May I've been rediscovering the series on video thanks to the local library (*Doctor Who* isn't on TV in my area). The movie opened my mind to the possibilities of the series' premise; now I'm able to look past the "window dressing" and appreciate the witty, literate and entertaining storytelling of the series – well, most of it anyway (face it, every series has some horrid episodes). While I regret what I've been missing all these years, I'm enjoying the thrill that comes from experiencing something new and wonderful.

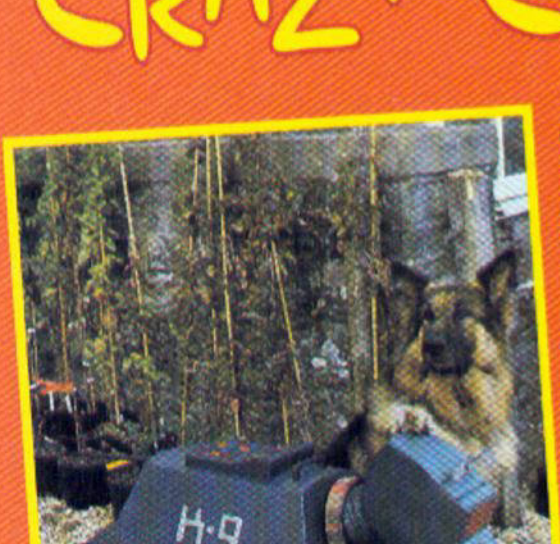
I've also recently read a bunch of *NAs* and *MAs*, and was pleasantly surprised at the high quality of writing compared to most media-based novels. My favourite stories are the ones like *The English Way of Death* and *Human Nature*, where SF elements are juxtaposed against a historical setting.

After hearing how much I loved the movie, a friend gave me a copy of **DWM** 236. It was like discovering buried treasure, since, except for the odd article now and then, there isn't much *Doctor Who* coverage on this side of the pond, and I've bought every issue since. As expected, your coverage of the movie was first-rate. Thanks also for printing photos that are (mostly) different from the ones that keep cropping up in all the other magazines! PS. Is there any chance of you reprinting the **Movie Special**? I was hunting for it everywhere until a dealer told me it sold out so fast that very few copies made it over here.

Sharon Lowachee
Toronto,
Ontario, Canada
Whobie1@aol.com

Sorry, Sharon, no plans to republish the Special – I'm afraid you'll have to embark on a back-issue-bin quest . . .

CRAZY CAPTION!

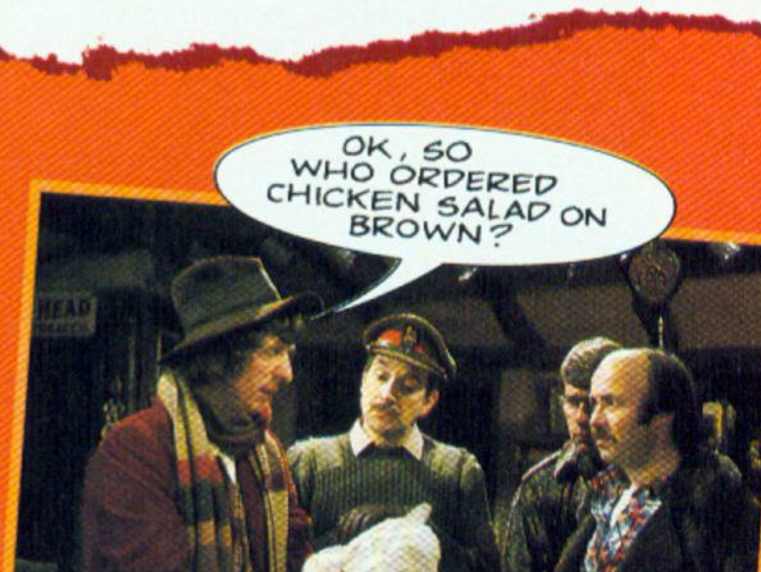


Here's your chance to win one of ten copies of Reeltime Pictures' *Unnatural Selection* video.

Simply devise an amusing statement for the caption in the pictureon the left. The best ten will win a video. We'll print our favourites in a future issue.

Send your entry on the back of a postcard to **CRAZY CAPTION 245** at the editorial address on page three.

Crazy Caption 241 result


OK, SO WHO ORDERED CHICKEN SALAD ON BROWN?

Resident design maestro Paul Vyse has been feeling a lot more upbeat after that bad patch reported in Issue 241, and he would like to thank his many fans for their sympathetic letters, postcards and singing telegrams. Paul is a changed man, merrily playing the *Wonder Woman* theme on his bongos and dancing the night away at the local Café Uno. A recent Bjorn Again concert lifted his spirits even further, and he's been an absolute joy to work alongside. We confidently approached him to judge this month's *Crazy Caption* competition, but a problem soon presented itself; the new, ultra-mellow Mr Vyse found every entry equally hilarious, so we told him to go home and have a little lie-down. We therefore picked the winning entry, from Karen Thomason of Frome, entirely at random.Sorry about that.

The British X Files continue in the all-new independent spin-off series from Doctor Who!

THREE GREAT TITLES!

P.R.O.B.E.

P.R.O.B.E. – The Preternatural Research Bureau. Created by the British Government to investigate the strange, the abnormal, the unexplained, the dangerous . . . in fact, anything on Earth or beyond!

The Devil of Winterborne has only recently been exorcised by PROBE.

But when the body of its last victim disappears, and a book of black magic spells is stolen from a local museum, Liz Shaw begins to wonder if the ghosts of the past have really been laid to rest.

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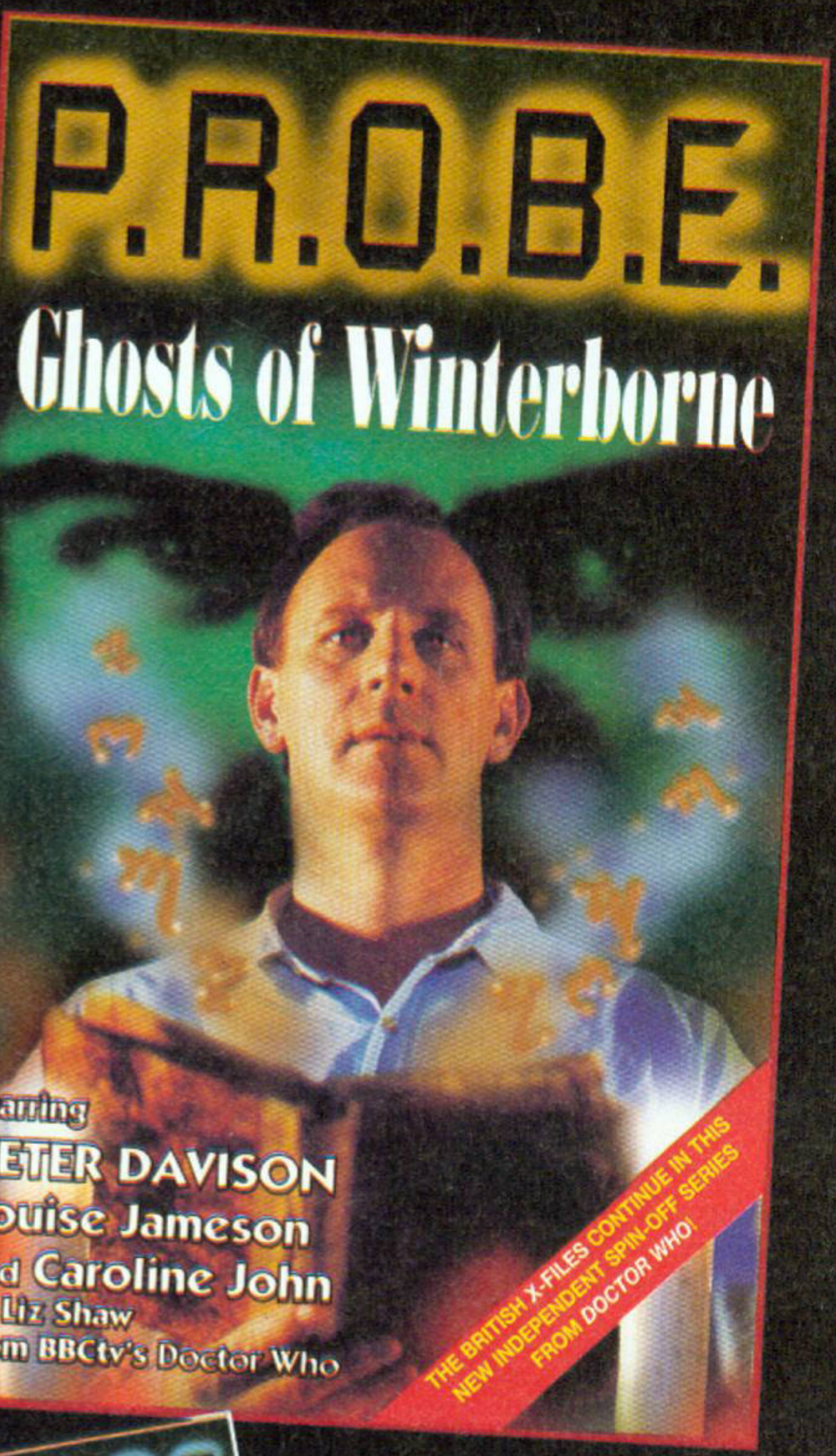
But how do you fight a shadow from Hell?

As an added bonus we include the second part of Stranger than Fiction, *a behind-the-scenes look at the making of BBV drama videos. Part one is featured on another exciting PROBE title* Unnatural Selection *(RTP0155)*


P.R.O.B.E.
Ghosts of Winterborne
starring
PETER DAVISON
Louise Jameson
and Caroline John
as Liz Shaw
from BBCtv's Doctor Who
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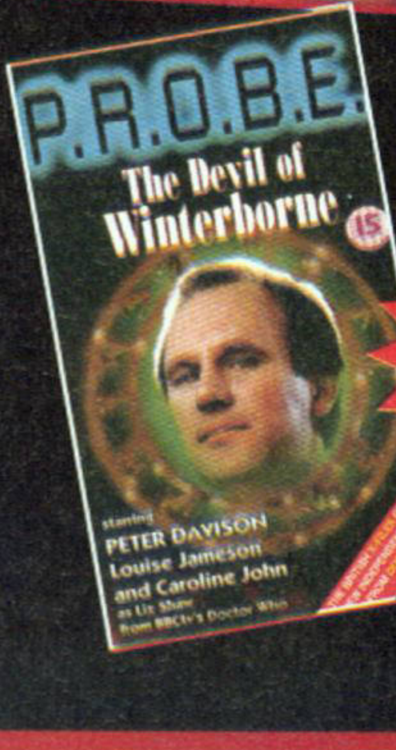
P.R.O.B.E.
The Devil of Winterborne
15
starring
PETER DAVISON
Louise Jameson
and Caroline John
as Liz Shaw
from BBCtv's Doctor Who

OUT NOW!

P.R.O.B.E.
Unnatural Selection
15
starring
CHARLES KAY
Louise Jameson
and Caroline John
as Liz Shaw
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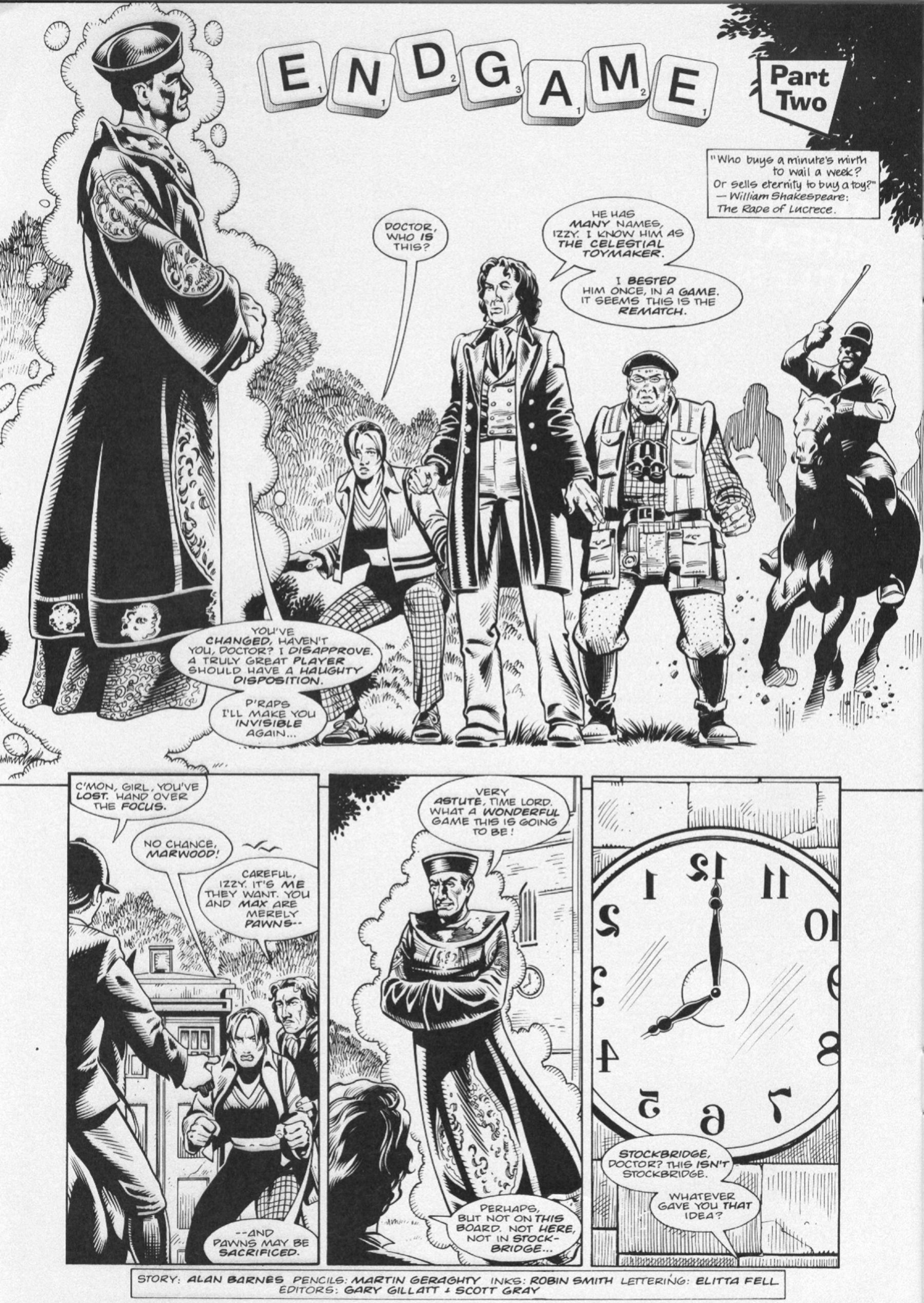
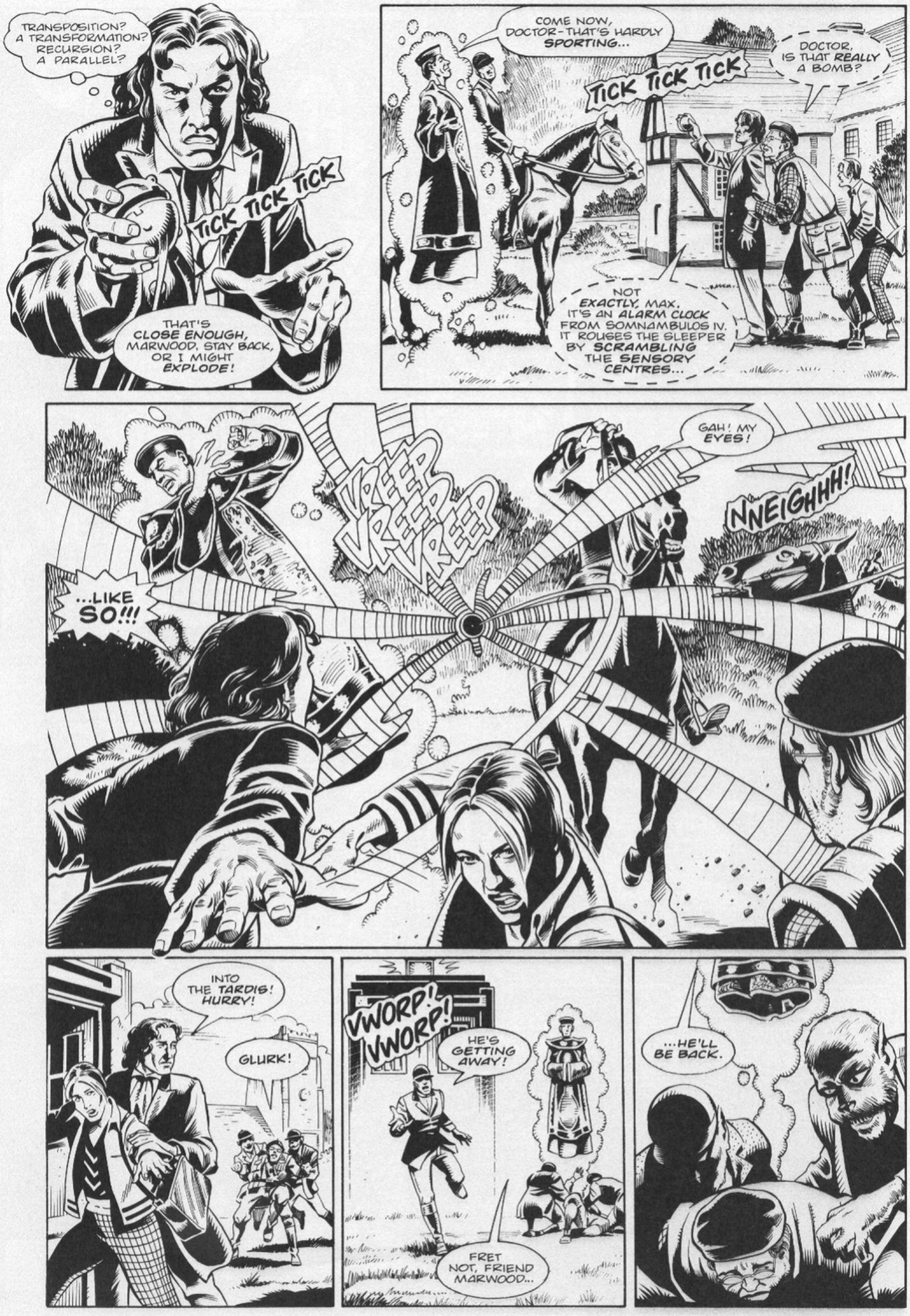
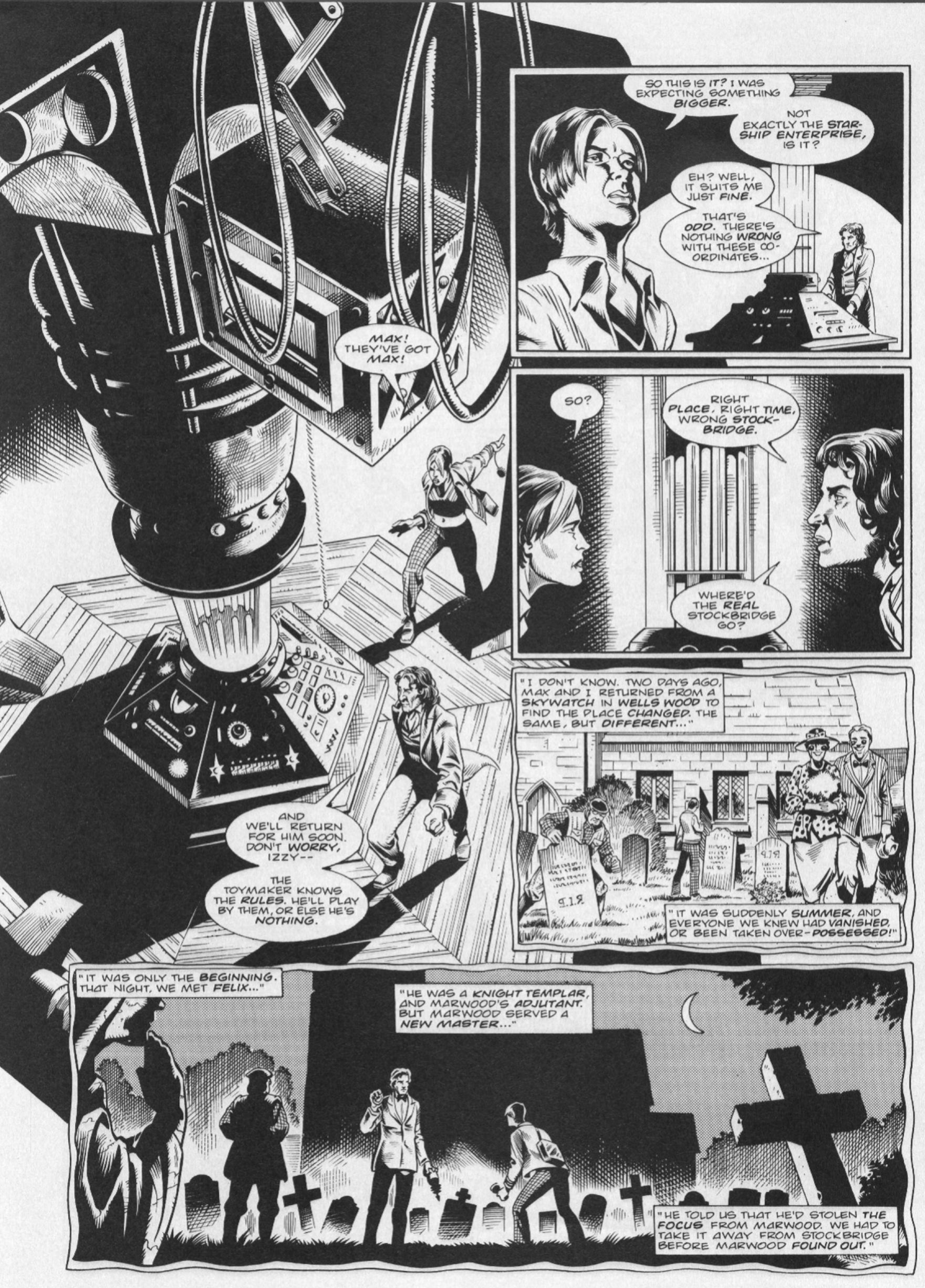
ENDGAME

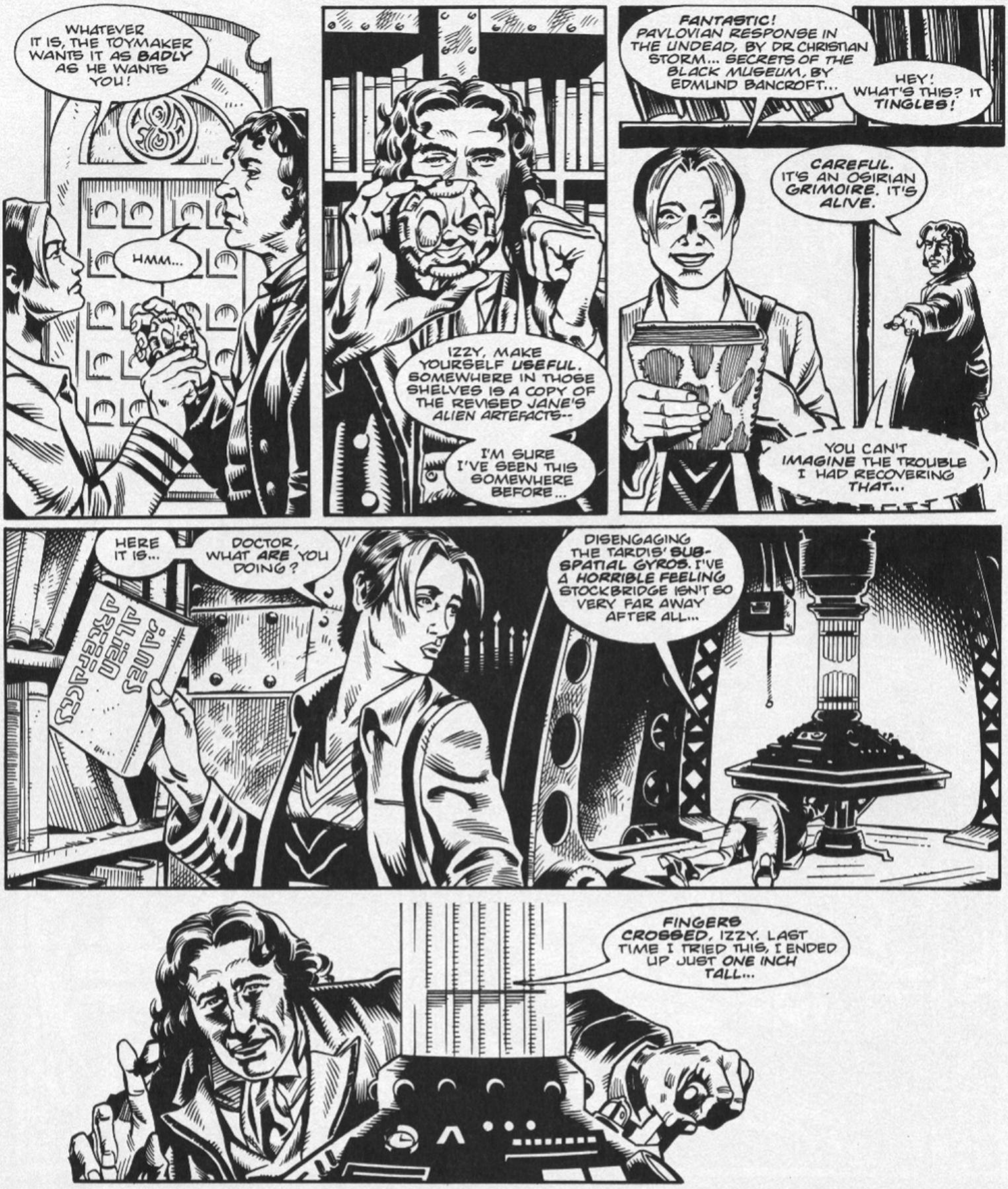
Part Two

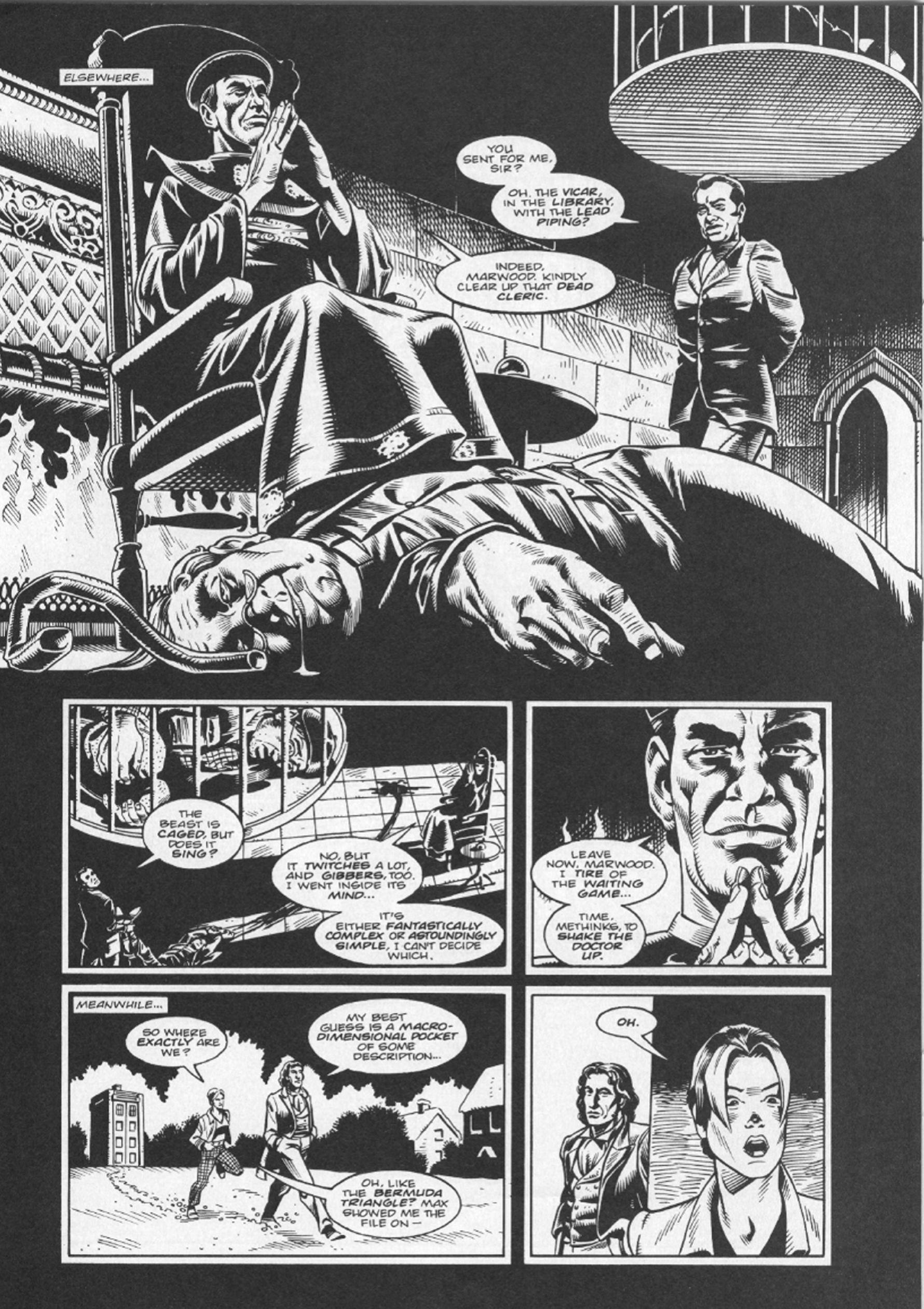

"Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week? Or sells eternity to buy a toy?" — William Shakespeare: The Rape of Lucrece.
DOCTOR, WHO IS THIS?
HE HAS MANY NAMES, IZZY. I KNOW HIM AS THE CELESTIAL TOYMAKER.
I BESTED HIM ONCE, IN A GAME. IT SEEMS THIS IS THE REMATCH.
YOU'VE CHANGED, HAVEN'T YOU, DOCTOR? I DISAPPROVE. A TRULY GREAT PLAYER SHOULD HAVE A HAUGHTY DISPOSITION.
P'RAPS I'LL MAKE YOU INVISIBLE AGAIN...
C'MON, GIRL, YOU'VE LOST. HAND OVER THE FOCUS.
NO CHANCE, MARWOOD!
CAREFUL, IZZY. IT'S ME THEY WANT. YOU AND MAX ARE MERELY PAWNS--
--AND PAWNS MAY BE SACRIFICED.
VERY ASTUTE, TIME LORD. WHAT A WONDERFUL GAME THIS IS GOING TO BE!
PERHAPS, BUT NOT ON THIS BOARD. NOT HERE, NOT IN STOCKBRIDGE...
STOCKBRIDGE, DOCTOR? THIS ISN'T STOCKBRIDGE.
WHATEVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?

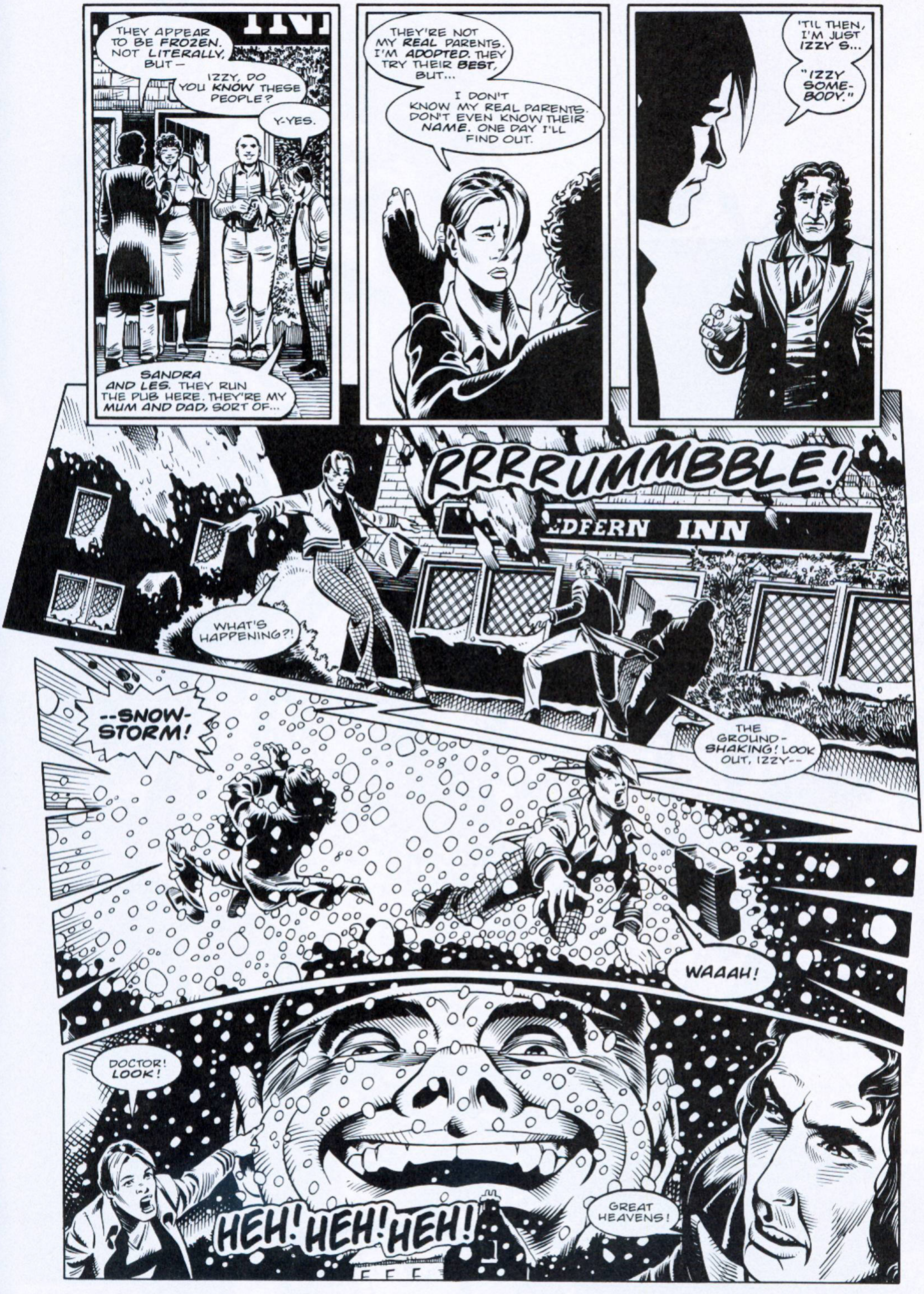
STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

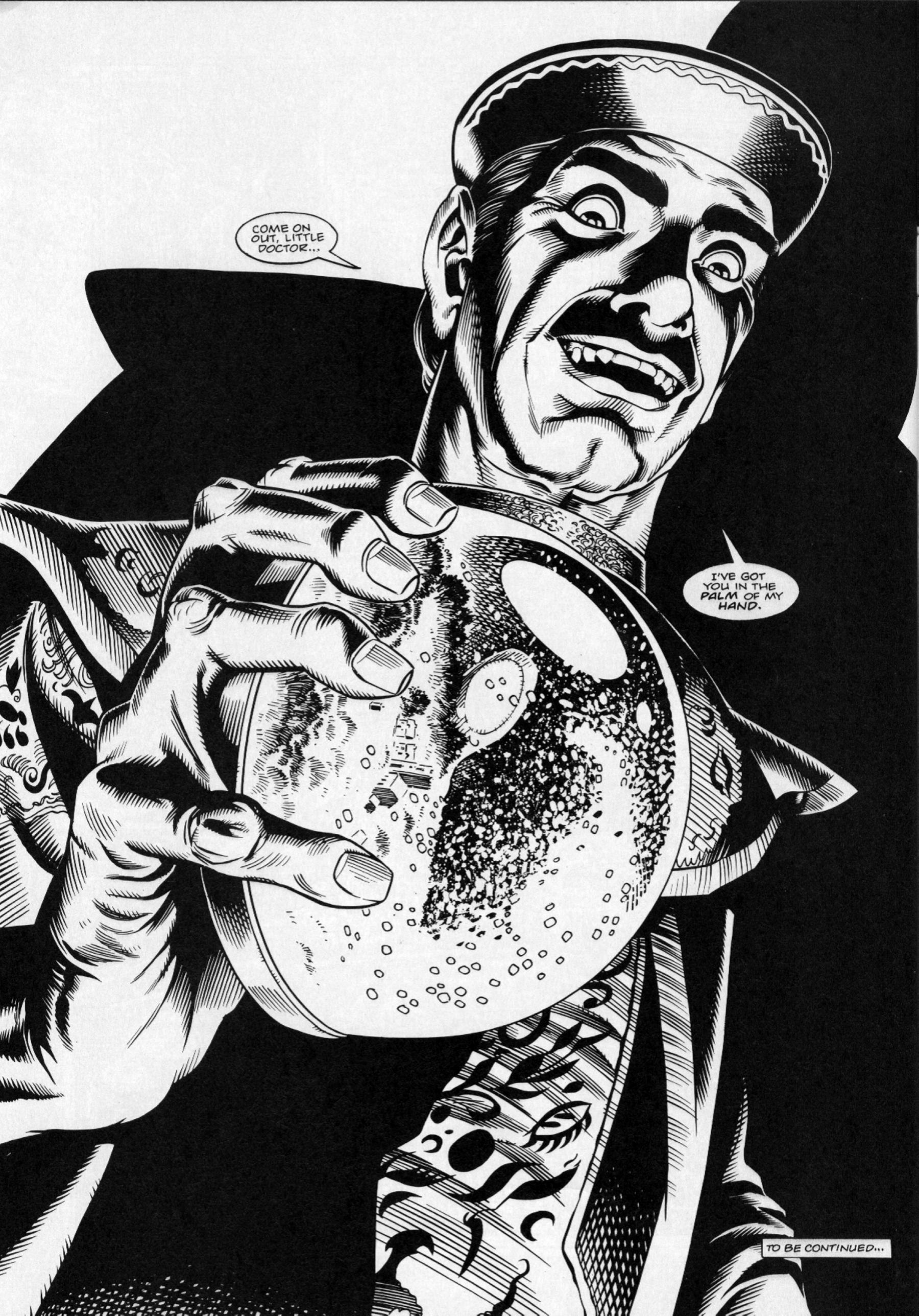

TRANSPOSITION? A TRANSFORMATION? RECURSION? A PARALLEL?
TICK TICK TICK
THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH, MARWOOD. STAY BACK, OR I MIGHT EXPLODE!
COME NOW, DOCTOR- THAT'S HARDLY SPORTING...
TICK TICK TICK
DOCTOR, IS THAT REALLY A BOMB?
NOT EXACTLY, MAX. IT'S AN ALARM CLOCK FROM SOMNAMBULOS IV. IT ROUSES THE SLEEPER BY SCRAMBLING THE SENSORY CENTRES...
...LIKE SO!!!
VREEP VREEP VREEP
GAH! MY EYES!
NNEIGHHH!
INTO THE TARDIS! HURRY!
GLURK!
VWORP! VWORP!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
FRET NOT, FRIEND MARWOOD...
...HE'LL BE BACK.


MAX! THEY'VE GOT MAX!
AND WE'LL RETURN FOR HIM SOON. DON'T WORRY, IZZY--
THE TOYMAKER KNOWS THE RULES. HE'LL PLAY BY THEM, OR ELSE HE'S NOTHING.
SO THIS IS IT? I WAS EXPECTING SOMETHING BIGGER.
NOT EXACTLY THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE, IS IT?
EH? WELL, IT SUITS ME JUST FINE.
THAT'S ODD. THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THESE CO-ORDINATES...
SO?
RIGHT PLACE, RIGHT TIME, WRONG STOCKBRIDGE.
WHERE'D THE REAL STOCKBRIDGE GO?
"I DON'T KNOW. TWO DAYS AGO, MAX AND I RETURNED FROM A SKYWATCH IN WELLS WOOD TO FIND THE PLACE CHANGED. THE SAME, BUT DIFFERENT..."
R.I.P.
R.I.P.
"IT WAS SUDDENLY SUMMER, AND EVERYONE WE KNEW HAD VANISHED, OR BEEN TAKEN OVER--POSSESSED!"
"IT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING. THAT NIGHT, WE MET FELIX..."
"HE WAS A KNIGHT TEMPLAR, AND MARWOOD'S ADJUTANT. BUT MARWOOD SERVED A NEW MASTER..."
"HE TOLD US THAT HE'D STOLEN THE FOCUS FROM MARWOOD. WE HAD TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM STOCKBRIDGE BEFORE MARWOOD FOUND OUT."


WHATEVER IT IS, THE TOYMAKER WANTS IT AS BADLY AS HE WANTS YOU!
HMM...
IZZY, MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL. SOMEWHERE IN THOSE SHELVES IS A COPY OF THE REVISED JANE'S ALIEN ARTEFACTS--
I'M SURE I'VE SEEN THIS SOMEWHERE BEFORE...
FANTASTIC! PAVLOVIAN RESPONSE IN THE UNDEAD, BY DR CHRISTIAN STORM... SECRETS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM, BY EDMUND BANCROFT...
HEY! WHAT'S THIS? IT TINGLES!
CAREFUL. IT'S AN OSIRIAN GRIMOIRE. IT'S ALIVE.
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THE TROUBLE I HAD RECOVERING THAT...
HERE IT IS...
DOCTOR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
JANE'S ALIEN ARTEFACTS
DISENGAGING THE TARDIS' SUB-SPATIAL GYROS. I'VE A HORRIBLE FEELING STOCKBRIDGE ISN'T SO VERY FAR AWAY AFTER ALL...
FINGERS CROSSED, IZZY. LAST TIME I TRIED THIS, I ENDED UP JUST ONE INCH TALL...
VWORP! VWORP!
KA-CHUD!


ELSEWHERE...
YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?
OH. THE VICAR, IN THE LIBRARY, WITH THE LEAD PIPING?
INDEED, MARWOOD. KINDLY CLEAR UP THAT DEAD CLERIC.
THE BEAST IS CAGED, BUT DOES IT SING?
NO, BUT IT TWITCHES A LOT, AND GIBBERS, TOO. I WENT INSIDE ITS MIND...
IT'S EITHER FANTASTICALLY COMPLEX OR ASTOUNDINGLY SIMPLE, I CAN'T DECIDE WHICH.
LEAVE NOW, MARWOOD. I TIRE OF THE WAITING GAME...
TIME, METHINKS, TO SHAKE THE DOCTOR UP.
MEANWHILE...
SO WHERE EXACTLY ARE WE?
MY BEST GUESS IS A MACRO-DIMENSIONAL POCKET OF SOME DESCRIPTION...
OH, LIKE THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE? MAX SHOWED ME THE FILE ON —
OH.


INN
THEY APPEAR TO BE FROZEN. NOT LITERALLY, BUT—
IZZY, DO YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE?
Y-YES.
SANDRA AND LES. THEY RUN THE PUB HERE. THEY'RE MY MUM AND DAD, SORT OF...
THEY'RE NOT MY REAL PARENTS. I'M ADOPTED. THEY TRY THEIR BEST, BUT...
I DON'T KNOW MY REAL PARENTS. DON'T EVEN KNOW THEIR NAME. ONE DAY I'LL FIND OUT.
'TIL THEN, I'M JUST IZZY S...
"IZZY SOMEBODY."
RRRRUMMBBLE!
EDFERN INN
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
THE GROUND-SHAKING! LOOK OUT, IZZY--
--SNOW-STORM!
WAAAH!
DOCTOR! LOOK!
HEH! HEH! HEH!
GREAT HEAVENS!


COME ON OUT, LITTLE DOCTOR...
I'VE GOT YOU IN THE PALM OF MY HAND.
TO BE CONTINUED...

Shelf Life

A hardback (that sums up a decade),
Liz Shaw is back (but underplayed);
With insert (Filofax),
And maggots (Llanfairfach's),
Dave Owen is far from dismayed!

THE GREEN DEATH

Doctor Who fans have to be a patient bunch these days; waiting for postponed *New Adventures*, any news of a new series and, most especially, the BBC Video release of *The Green Death*. After a number of false starts, it's here. We reviewed the story way back in Issue 210, but its release was postponed after a BBC2 screening. After a respectable time had passed, it was back on the schedule for earlier this year, and you can read my frustration at its second postponement between every line of Issue 237's *Shelf Life*. Confident that it will now finally appear, I dare to tempt fate by offering this review.

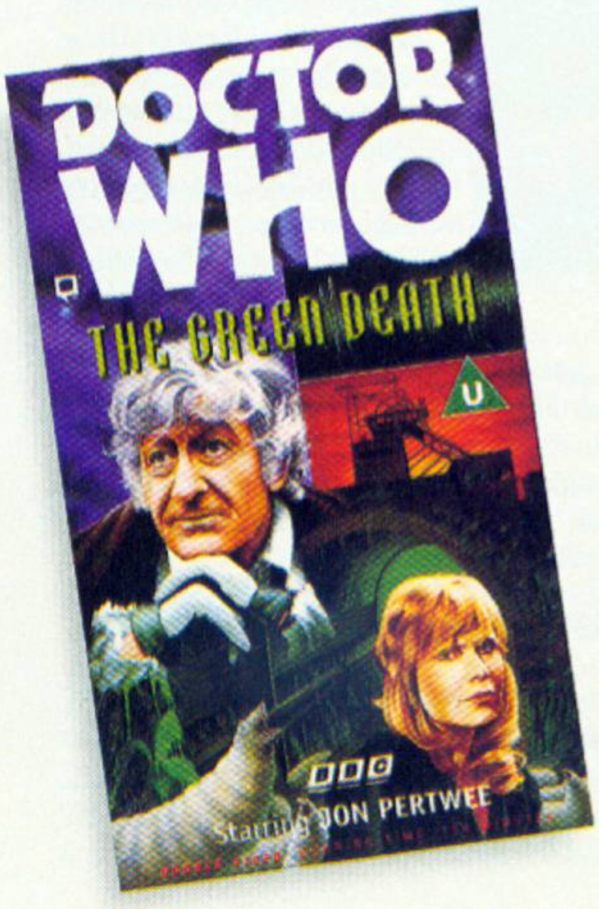
In the early seventies there was an ecological thriller series on BBC television called *Doomwatch*. Each week, because of the greed or carelessness of a government or industrial enterprise, a small community would come under environmental threat. In would step the *Doomwatch* team who would uncover the nature of the problem and stop it in the nick of time before it endangered the entire world. The locals were often everyday rural folk, and the scientists were bright young things dressed in flamboyant seventies' fashions. Their leader spent his time sitting in smoky offices shouting at the villain. Had *Doomwatch* been revamped as a Saturday tea-time family serial then the result would have been exactly like the 1973 six-parter *The Green Death* (BBCV 5816). Both were very much products of the popular concerns of their time.

The Green Death marks the departure of Katy Manning's equally contemporary Jo Grant, a character who had entered *Doctor Who* three years previously in *Terror of the Autons* when she innocently bumbled into the laboratory of the man destined to be her mentor, ruining his experiment. Here she repeats the performance exactly, but taking her under his wing as the Doctor had before is Professor Cliff Jones. He has set up an alternative research community in the South Wales village of Llanfairfach, until recently a mining community. Llanfairfach is to Wales what Brigadoon was to Scotland; a patronising send-up. The locals wear donkey jackets, address each other as "Boyo", drink pints and discuss rugby over them. Distraught young English ladies are apparently comforted by being addressed as "Blodwyn". Everyone of any importance or intellect is English or a Time Lord, and it is no surprise whatsoever that for a year after *The Green Death*, BBC Wales moved *Doctor Who* to an inconspicuous Sunday afternoon slot.

Jones' "Nuthutch" community is not the only new development at Llanfairfach. Global Chemicals have set up shop and are pumping waste from their oil refinement process into the disused mineshafts. Contact with the slime causes any victim to start feeling ill and glow green, a progressive and terminal condition. The eponymous slime would be frightening enough by itself but it is accompanied by a mutant strain of maggots, each over a foot long. Magnifying the repellent in nature is a trusted monster movie strategy and works so well here that writer Robert Sloman would repeat the trick just a year later in *Planet of the Spiders*.

The maggots are realised in a number of ways with differing degrees of success. This absolutely typifies the serial's visuals, which can only be described as "ambitious". Spectacular aerial film shots mingle with some of the roughest camera trickery in *Doctor Who*'s history. Towards the end, outdoor scenes comprise a mixture of film location work and brave but unconvincing set-ups of actors in studio before photographic backdrops. Director Michael Briant cuts valiantly between the two as if no one will notice. Despite the shortcomings of his visual resources, Briant imbues an already well-paced script with energy and momentum; a dismal scene of a maggot creeping up on Jo at the end of Episode Three is instantly redeemed by the unusual point-of-view shot from the maggot as it leaps at her.

The Green Death's best feature is its strong characters, which are performed



Spectacular aerial film shots mingle with some of the roughest camera trickery in *Doctor Who*'s history.

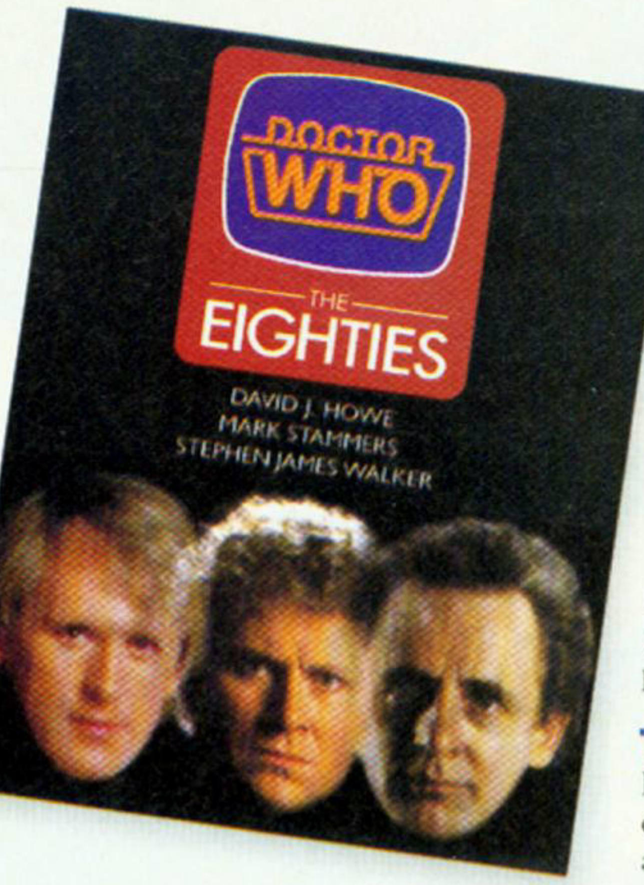
with conviction. Ultimately it is Katy Manning's job, rather than that of the visual effects designer, to make us believe the maggots are repulsive, and she succeeds. In *The Hand of Fear*, Sarah's leaving was a postscript to another story. Here, Jo's departure is an intrinsic part of the narrative. Jones and his community are the key dimension of the story, giving Jo a reason to leave, and allowing the Brigadier to display a more well-rounded, open-minded nature than ever before. Even Jon Pertwee's Doctor displays a few moments of grief at her going.

The series has seldom succeeded purely because of great visuals or despite bad performances. *The Green Death* has neither, and even a Welshman would have to admit that it's archetypally good *Doctor Who*.

Doctor Who – The Eighties comes packed with information that has never before seen print.

In the months since I wrote this review, Jon Pertwee has died, and I am surprised that I only mention him once. Perhaps I had taken his domination of the stories he appeared in for granted. This one sees his Doctor provide action, intelligence, compassion, friendship, comedy and, most of all, absolute confidence. *The Green Death* is a most appropriate way to remember Jon Pertwee in *Doctor Who*, because in it he displays all the characteristics that made his interpretation unique.

DOCTOR WHO – THE EIGHTIES



Dividing the past into neat decades can create attractive but misleading associations with what are, after all, arbitrary divisions; the sixties were austere and restrained, the seventies were groovy and memorable, the eighties were commercial and shallow. So much for the career of Eric Clapton – what about *Doctor Who*? I still tend to divide it into 10-year slices; respectively the monochrome age, the CSO era, and the digital epoch. Virgin Publishing's research triumvirate – Howe, Stammers and Walker – think likewise, and now follow up their first two large-format colour concordances with the last for the time being, *Doctor Who – The Eighties* (ISBN 1 85227 680 0).

Doctor Who – The Sixties succeeded by simultaneously being the best-designed book about *Doctor Who* thus far, and also one of the most detailed and revealing studies of the period of the series about which least is generally known. *Doctor Who – The Seventies* maintained the standard of presentation, but had inevitably less unique material, with contributors to that period having already yielded more of their secrets to other scholars of the programme. You can spot a trend here, and would be forgiven for expecting little more this time than a compendium of already-known facts and widely-used photographs. *Doctor Who – The Eighties* exposes the folly of such cynicism, coming packed with information that has never before seen print. To recycle one of that decade's catchphrases, I'm surprised and delighted.

Safe in the knowledge they have an unmissable collection of scoops, our writers sadly choose to relate them in prose that is seldom inspiring to read. It scans like a statement read out in court by a junior bobby, and is compelling only in the same way as an insurance company report of a particularly fascinating road accident. I haven't seen english as ugly as this since Euro '96.

This is a shame; otherwise the authors display maturity and restraint by never applying value judgements to the material they report on. Thus, the sections on the series' postponement in 1985 and non-renewal after 1989 are thankfully devoid of hysteria. This text knows that it is a document, not an analysis. Consequently, plenty of the source material is presented verbatim, rather than being paraphrased, such as John Nathan-Turner and his script editors' outlines for the regular characters.

Well-read *Doctor Who* fans who already know who played all the parts in *Arc of Infinity*, for example, will be interested to learn the identity of others considered for the roles. We may have been denied Colin Baker's Doctor had the part of Maxil gone to the short-listed Pierce Brosnan; *Babylon 5* fans will share my surprise that a young Jason Carter (that series' Marcus Cole) could have been Robin Stewart; and the fact that Maurice Denham and Linda Bellingham were respectively considered for Hedin and Thalia is an example of the way that the production team repeatedly sought performers for many similar roles until they could get them – Denham eventually appeared as another crusty old Time Lord ally of the Doctor in *The Twin Dilemma*, and Bellingham as another Gallif-reyan legislator in *The Trial of a Time Lord*.

Fascinating as these facts are, they are trivia. More significant are the behind-the-scenes events during the 1985 postponement that could have led to a very different *Doctor Who* returning in 1986. For instance . . . No. *Shelf Life* has had its knuckles rapped, quite rightly, for giving away important details of new books, and I feel that this applies just as much here as to fiction titles. Do buy this book. Then give it to someone you consider eloquent, and ask them to paraphrase it for you. You'll be amazed.

TX FILE – DOCTOR WHO

TX
DOCTOR WHO
DAVID J. HOWE
TX
WHO IS THE DOCTOR?

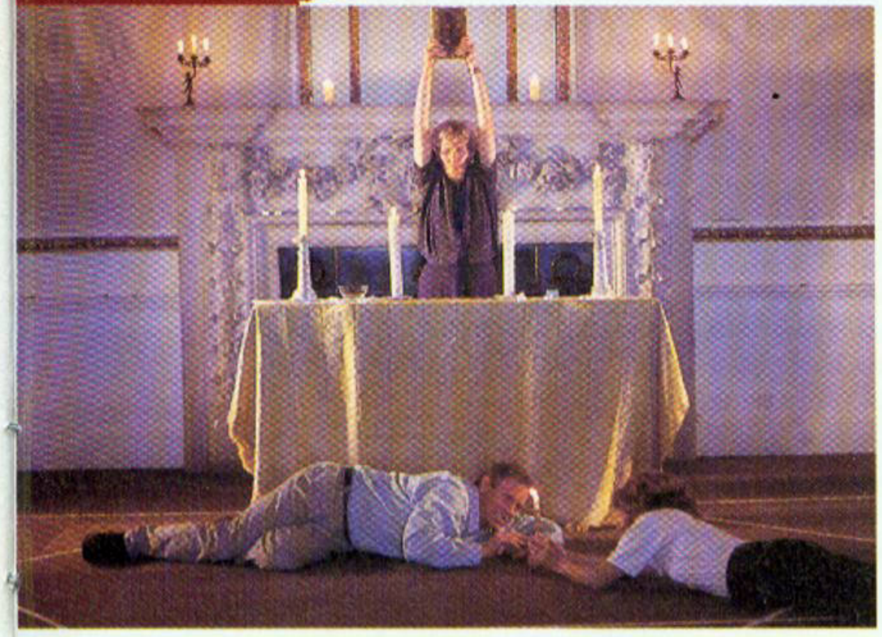
I've had a Filofax for the last decade, and despite my noble yuppie intent to maintain a scrupulous hole-punched database of my financial transactions and the contents of my video collection, it has usually comprised a scrappy set of addresses and phone numbers, and an out-of-date diary of missed appointments. Most of us are the same, although we occasionally treat ourselves to maps of our hometowns or good restaurant guides to spice things up. The golden rule is that if it's occasionally referred to it stays in. This garish 12-page organiser insert (ISBN 0 563 38009 8) misses the point entirely by containing nothing that anyone is ever likely to consult.

It's an honest enough summing-up of *Doctor Who* that would not be out of place given away free with the children's section of a Sunday supplement, but far more applicable would be a checklist of every episode, story and book title, so that collectors could keep track, plus usable information, such as the addresses of DWAS, *Doctor Who Magazine*, or BBC Worldwide. I really can't imagine a power lunch where one of my colleagues might ask "Dave – what was the Second Doctor like?", and I would have to reach for my calfskin six-hole to reply, "Let's see – oh yes. 'Impish, fun-loving, and devious.'"

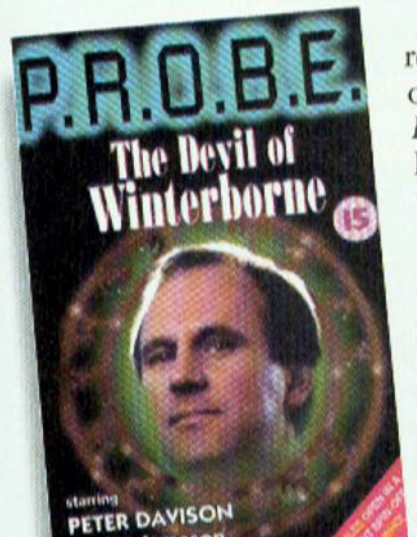
Dispensable.

P.R.O.B.E.
THE DEVIL OF WINTERBORNE
UNNATURAL SELECTION
GHOSTS OF WINTERBORNE

The promotional material for P.R.O.B.E., the latest series of video dramas from BBV and Reeltime, not only announces that it is



a spin-off from *Doctor Who* but dares use the phrase "the British *X Files*". One has to admire the guts of a studio that boldly invites comparison with the most flexible TV format ever, and then the most popular fantasy series currently on TV. But then, potential viewers of these videos would certainly do well to adjust to the habit of admiring guts (especially those recently eviscerated, as here).



Now available from major retailers, although previously obtainable via mail order, *The Devil of Winterborne* (Reeltime Pictures RTP0146), comprises the first 80 minutes of video which I have actually seen benefit from being processed to look as though shot on film. This filmic quality, as well as the setting, a boys' boarding school in the country during holidays, elicits a genteel timelessness strongly reminiscent of Central TV's *Inspector Morse*. As the plot unfolds, the *Morse* themes continually emerge; a story that could easily be set any time since the Second World War, a lonely investigator with an unsophisticated sidekick, a semi-comic pathologist and, of course, the certainty that none of these everyday gentlefolk could possibly be responsible for a horrific murder with satanic overtones.

In many ways, *The Devil of Winterborne* is the most successful of the direct-to-video productions made in recent years featuring ex-*Doctor Who* personnel. By not being particularly reminiscent of the series (neither the Doctor nor UNIT are mentioned, nor is there an off-screen army of alien invaders) and instead indulging in the current vogue for fusing serial killer and paranormal entity genres, it is eminently broadcastable in its own right. Although his former Doctor status may well tempt undecided buyers, Peter Davison's casting as Winterborne School's headmaster is artistically justified by the subtle ambiguity he brings to the part. Similarly, although Terry Molloy may be best known to *Doctor Who* fans as Davros, he distinctively saves Inspector Burke from being just a retread of the charmless Colin Devis of BBC TV's *Star Cops*.

These video dramas have a retail-shelf-friendly format imposed on them, with the linking storyline of the government agency P.R.O.B.E. facing on-going political pressure from Geoffrey Beevers' Minister. The format doesn't constrain the productions unduly, and the superfluous extra layer of management provides a welcome excuse to incorporate Louise Jameson as Patricia "Patsy" Haggard. However, P.R.O.B.E. has one big P.R.O.B.L.E.M. – the presence of Caroline John as Liz Shaw (and I use the term "presence" generously). To paraphrase 1988 US Vice-presidential candidate Lloyd Bentsen, "Ma'am; I knew Dana Scully. You're no Dana Scully."

To be fair, the failure to resurrect Liz Shaw, decades after her involvement with UNIT, is not just down to Caroline John. The camera is infatuated with her, lingering long beyond her ability to sustain a solitary pose of introspective sleuthing, and there is a real deficit of background colour to her character. The performer must take *some* of the blame, however; the way she represents confidence and insight by smiling smugly through the most harrowing of encounters is deeply misplaced. A scene in which Shaw and Haggard get drunk together and reminisce about childhood experiences is well beyond her range and simply embarrassing to watch.

For all this, *The Devil of Winterborne* is well-paced, interesting and immediately enjoyable.

P.R.O.B.E.
Unnatural Selection
starring
CHARLES KAY
Louise Jameson
and Caroline John
as Liz Shaw
from BBCtv's Doctor Who

Acute *deteriorating sequilitis* afflicts its successor, *Unnatural Selection* (RTP 0155), although had he been granted the same duration, rather than these mere 46 minutes, writer Mark Gatiss might have triumphed once more. Although Reeltime clearly view P.R.O.B.E. as a series, they could make more effort to reintroduce the characters and settings, as well as bother introducing the new ones, such as P.R.O.B.E.'s hitherto unseen squad of commandos. If this were really the British *X Files* it would have discreet captions saying "P.R.O.B.E. HQ, Somewhere in the South of England", or "Liz's sitting-room, 22:45 BST". As it is, it feels as if one is watching the second instalment of a two-part set.

More "weird science cover-up" than "ancient weird cult", *Unnatural Selection* is partly redeemed by Charles Kay as Quilter, the scientist behind the Beagle Project which, years before the events depicted here, attempted to use genetic technology to predict the evolution of the human race. His funereal visage wonderfully underlines how near death he is. The P.R.O.B.E. team are all back, but Mark Gatiss is far more welcome, proving, as did his Edinburgh Fringe '96 revue, *The League of Gentlemen*, that he is an equally versatile performer and writer. As Quilter's sinister secretary, Emerson, he is unrecognisable from *Winterborne*'s backward groundsman, Georgie.

The series becomes far more watchable with *Ghosts of Winterborne* (RTP 0157), which, as the title suggests, concerns spectral manifestations at the unfortunate school. With less time spent dwelling unnecessarily on P.R.O.B.E. itself, Liz's characterisation is confined to shorthand; mainly her equally unhealthy habits of lingering at her father's graveside and, bizarrely, smoking a pipe.

The boys at Winterborne might shock viewers expecting a public school full of Bunters, Jennings or even Ibbotsons. These sixth-formers smoke, drink, swear like troopers (actually, the troopers in *Unnatural Selection* are utterly pure-mouthed. Make that "swear like former UNIT assistant scientific advisors"), and play more than just football with each other when no one is looking. They are believably realised in both productions, especially Rees Sheersmith as Andrew, and David Harcourt as Christian Purcell, the headmaster's unnerving nephew.

Bill Baggs has reassembled almost all the players whose characters survived *The Devil of Winterborne*, and even one who didn't! As though Bill had forgotten until it was too late and filming started, this character is forced to calmly claim to be the identical sibling to the deceased. This sort of thing was ridiculous when Tony Hancock sent it up in *The Bowmans* in the 1950s and it's still ridiculous now.

This series has great potential, but *The Devil of Winterborne* treats its audience with a great deal more respect than its successors, which among all the other blood, guts and offal, contain an unacceptably large portion of tripe. ◆

The High Council MOVIE SPECIAL!

More than 200 readers wrote in with possible solutions to our list of TV Movie continuity conundrums in Issue 242. With a budget of millions and a team of 15 producers, the glamorous **Liz Jackson** sifted through your mahogany-veneered replies and presents the best here, in a special widescreen *High Council* . . .

Assuming that it is the Daleks that put the Master on trial, how are they able to contact the Doctor to ask him to collect the Master's remains? Why don't they just kill the Doctor while they're at it? For that matter, why should they pay attention to his last wish at all?

The Daleks that put the Master on trial were under the rule of Davros, whose propensity for theatricalities allowed him to grant the Master's last wish in an attempt to get to the Doctor; to kill two Time Lords with one stone, as it were. The Doctor received the message in the same way that he heard of Stengos' death in *Revelation of the Daleks*. However, he was too clever to get caught by the Daleks and easily outwitted Davros, making good his escape with the Master's remains.
Tim Roth (no relation), Chiswick.

The Master and the Daleks are actually working together as they have done in the past. After the ravages of the Cheetah planet, the Master realizes that he can't survive in his present body, so he contacts the Daleks and persuades them to help him in his plan to take over the Doctor's body. In return, the Master not only alters their vocal circuits to make them sound like Smurfs but also offers to improve their time technology.
David Herrick, Oxford.

The Daleks that try to execute the Master are the humanized Daleks last seen in *The Evil of the Daleks*. The Master somehow upset them and their new-found sense of justice and they put him on trial for his crimes. They didn't kill the Doctor when he came for the Master's remains because the Doctor is an old friend of theirs!
Thomas Wilson, Exeter.

Wasn't Skaro destroyed in *Remembrance of the Daleks*?

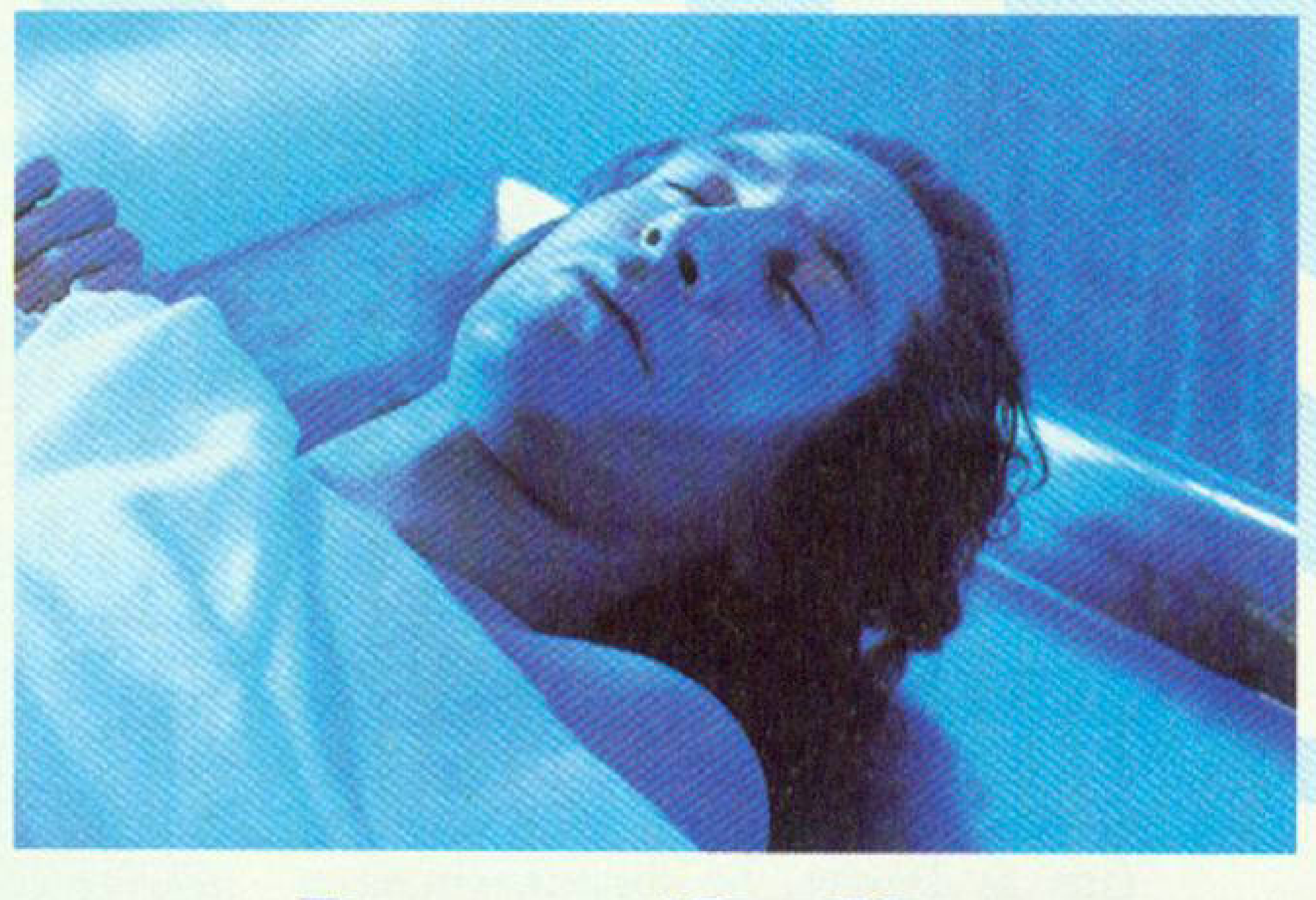
Yes it was. But the Master is a Time Lord, right? He could be there in a period before the Hand of Omega came by and gobbled up Skaro's sun!
Daniel Smith, Stourbridge, West Midlands.

Maybe it got better! The Daleks on Spiridon finally thawed out, destroyed all the Spiridons and re-named the planet Skaro after they discovered the original had gone.
Liz Halliday, Exeter.

When Davros escaped from his human prison in *Resurrection of the Daleks*, the year was around 4700AD. He is then captured by Imperial Daleks and when we next see him, he is in control of the whole Dalek race – except for the Imperials. Therefore, in *Remembrance of the Daleks*, he travelled back in time to 1963. When the Hand of Omega destroyed Skaro, it entered the 'Skaro time-zone' which was circa (say) 4750AD. In the TV Movie, the TARDIS scanner shows the year to be 5725.2 in the Rassilon Era. However, when the Doctor activates the emergency landing procedure, the TARDIS lands on the nearest planet (Earth) in a 'straight' landing – ie no time travel. Therefore, the Rassilon year 5725.2 is equivalent to the Earth year 1999AD, not 5725AD, around 3700 years before Skaro is destroyed. This is supported by the fact that the Master was stranded on the planet of the Cheetah people without a TARDIS in the Earth year 1989. Thus, he was put on trial by the Daleks between the years 1989 to 1999AD.
AP Cheeseman, Bangkok.

The Doctor says, "I was dead too long this time." How is the Doctor able to regenerate after he dies? Surely the idea is to regenerate *before* dying?

He doesn't die. He only appears to – remember Romana's trick in *Destiny of the Daleks*? "You've both been somewhere I've never been," he says to Grace and Lee. All that stuff about coming back to life before her eyes is just for Grace's benefit. It wasn't before her eyes, anyway, it was in a locked room with only a fat guard and a TV for company.
Andrew Allen, West Croydon, Surrey.



Death doesn't actually occur when the heart(s) stop(s) beating. It would appear, thanks to their unusual biology, that the Time Lords are able to survive without their hearts beating for quite some time – *cf* Chronotis in *Shada*. Therefore, the Doctor isn't dead, merely very close to it. The drugs administered to him delayed the regenerative process until after his hearts had stopped but before the point of complete and irreversible brain-death.
James Hadwen, Felixstowe, Suffolk.

From where does the Doctor get the jelly babies he offers the traffic cop?

When Lee enters the office after waking up, Grace is holding the bag of jelly babies which she found in the Doctor's belongings. She eats one, then dumps the bag of sweets on the desk and informs Lee of the death of 'Mr Smith'. Later, an exhausted Grace shoves the jelly babies in her pocket. Distracted by subsequent events, she forgets about them until she and the Doctor are at her home. After checking the Doctor's heartsbeat, she goes to make something to eat. Unfortunately, that disgruntled cad Brian has even cleared the food cupboards. Grace remembers the sweets that were in her pocket, offers them to the Doctor, and he keeps the whole bag.
Kevin McHale, London N1.

The Doctor found the jelly babies along with the long scarf in the locker room. It seems that his fourth incarnation was also in San Francisco at this time. This would account for why the Eighth Doctor knew so much about Grace, Lee and Gareth.
Dave Wood, Trowbridge, Wiltshire.

How does the Master get inside the TARDIS when he meets Chang Lee?

The Doctor didn't lock the doors when he left the TARDIS; he was preoccupied with being shot at at the time.
Louise Campbell, Slaford.

The Master reverted to the shape-changing snake form and squeezed back through the keyhole, opened the door from the inside and slithered out to retrieve his human body.
Nicholas Bowden, Sheffield; Finn Clark, Blewbury, Oxon; Alex Wilcock, Docklands, London.

The Doctor and the Master have been breaking into each other's TARDISes for years (*Colony in Space*, *Time-Flight*, *The King's Demons* etc).
Andrew Webster, Leicester.

Even though the Master is a well-known cheat and a liar, is he perhaps actually telling the truth when he tells Chang Lee that the TARDIS is his? After all, it doesn't look anything like the Doctor's TARDIS. It's far too grim and gothic – much more the Master's style. The Master gets inside the TARDIS because it is his!
Keith Pickering, Bedford.

How does the Doctor know Earth will be destroyed at midnight? If the Master had opened the Eye of Harmony a bit earlier, would the Doctor have shouted, "By ten past eight tonight, this planet will be pulled inside out"?

The Doctor knows that it will take about three hours for the forces unleashed from the Eye of Harmony to destroy the Earth. It is about 9pm when the Eye is opened, which means he has until midnight to save the world. And yes, if the Eye had opened at 5.10pm he would have indeed shouted, "By ten past eight, etc . . ."
Eric Shortland, Rhyl.

The answer is a matter of gravity. The gravitational pull of our sun is counter-acted by the Earth's rotational movement which keeps it in orbit. The Eye of Harmony could almost be likened to a small sun which exerts similar gravitational properties. The Doctor concluded that as the side of the planet where they and the Eye were located (West Coast USA) rotated into night-time, the gravitational forces being emitted from the Eye would increase in strength as the sun's countering effects diminished. The Eye was acting like a second sun on the other side of the planet – once the Eye was diametrically opposite the sun (ie: midnight!), with two almost equal forces on opposite sides of the planet acting on the Earth, the planet would be "pulled inside out."
Jon Preddle, Hamilton, New Zealand.

Having been associated with the Doctor for so long, the semi-sentient TARDIS has developed a flair for the melodramatic.
Terry Richards, Doncaster.

Why is it apparently midnight at the same time all over the globe?

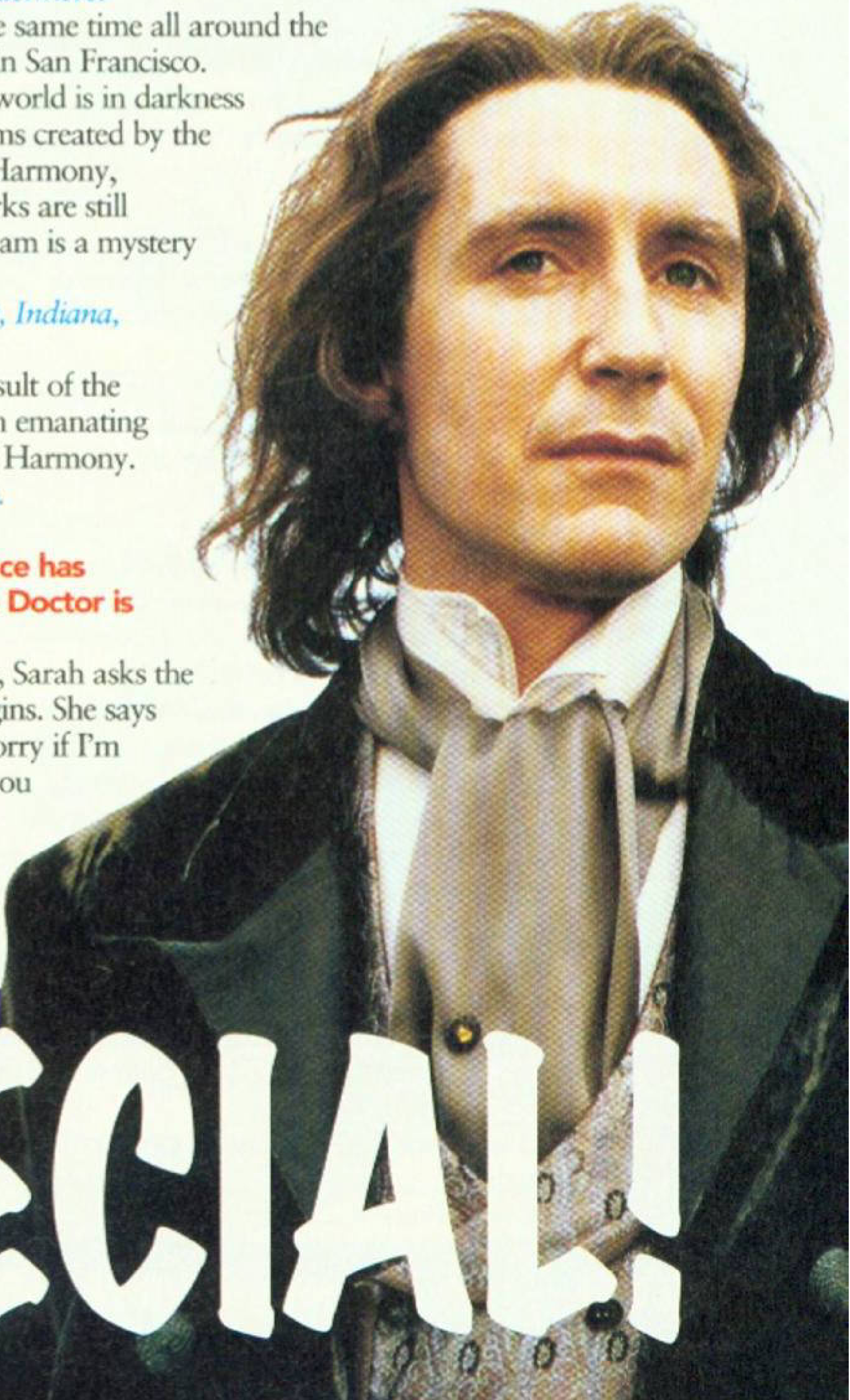
The TARDIS is sensitive to the time scale (length of day) of the planet on which it lands. It released the energy at such a rate that the decay would spread around the world so that the final destruction would occur at midnight in each time zone. We were viewing events from the TARDIS and saw them condensed into a few seconds.
Lisa Henderson, Windermere.

It isn't midnight at the same time all around the world. It is midnight in San Francisco. However, the whole world is in darkness as a result of the storms created by the power of the Eye of Harmony, although why fireworks are still going off in Paris at 9am is a mystery to me.
Hannah Jessop, Gary, Indiana, USA.

This is obviously a result of the bizarre time distortion emanating from the open Eye of Harmony.
Daniel Taylor, Luton.

What earlier evidence has there been that the Doctor is half-human?

In *The Time Warrior*, Sarah asks the Doctor about his origins. She says something like (I'm sorry if I'm paraphrasing), "Do you mean you're not human?" – to which he replies: "If by



that you mean, 'Am I a native of the planet Terra?', then no."
Why is his reply so carefully measured and evasive?
Jeff Simenon, Burnley.
Of all the Time Lords we have seen, the Doctor has the greatest difficulty in regenerating. He speaks enigmatically yet knowingly about species-crossing in *Delta and the Bannermen*, and he teleports 'home' to Earth in *Survival*.
Robert J Chapman, Plymouth, Devon.
When the Third Doctor arrives in UNIT HQ after being lost in the vortex for three weeks (in *Planet of the Spiders*), he says that the TARDIS brought him 'home': Earth.
Ria Layton, Bolton.
None. The Doctor is wearing contact lenses as part of a plan to confuse the Master.
Paul Coker, Dulwich.
The fact that he leaves Susan on Earth to marry a human suggests that Time Lord heredity is not necessarily expected of the Doctor and his family.
John Callaghan, Hall Green, Birmingham.

How do Grace and Lee come back to life?

It is clear that both Grace and Lee have future histories and so they could not die in 1999 no matter what happened. The same thing prevented Barbara from halting the Aztec sacrifices.
Jack Gallagher, Southport.
When the Master's body was destroyed, the TARDIS had to do something with the energy from his life-force as this was giving it 'indigestion'. It used the unwanted energy to repair the two humans.
T'sian Becker, Douglas, Isle of Man.
The choral music was so sickening that the TARDIS thought "Bugger! I can't bear this!" and brought Grace and Lee back to life before the very angels themselves descended from the heavens.
The Silver Hippy(ess), Hillingdon, Middx.
Artron energy is vital to Time Lord regeneration. It is stored in the Eye of Harmony. The Master's death caused a surge in the energy flow, allowing some of the energy to enter and repair the bodies of Grace and Lee and return them to life.
Nick Walters, Bristol.
If the Doctor were to look into the Eye, his soul would be destroyed. When Lee and Grace looked into the beam of light, part of their souls were 'stolen' by the Eye and then released into their bodies upon their deaths.
Jason Fowler, Edgbaston.
The TARDIS has a 'happy ending' circuit.
Ian Thomas Williams, London.

What is a 'temporal orbit'?

During a temporal orbit, the TARDIS is removed from the space/time continuum and travels within its own internal dimension. The open Eye allows power, energy and experiences from other dimensions to break through and flow into the TARDIS, causing utter confusion. Because of this we see glimpses of alternative dimensions where the universe is utterly destroyed. The same confusion of the timelines intertwined two separate futures within the TARDIS itself. One where Lee and Grace are killed and one where they survive. It wasn't until the Eye finally closed, expelling the other dimensions, that the timelines rectified themselves to reveal that the TARDIS crew and the Earth were all safe.
Ageton Sax (!), Wiltshire.
It is when the TARDIS circles a particular point in time without entering it.
Jefferson Powers, Denver, Colorado, USA.

Is Brian being completely unreasonable about Grace's job or what?

Yes! He's tired of Grace but afraid of trying!
AP Cheesman, Bangkok.
Brian is simply miffed that Grace looks better in that frock than he does.
Adam Meakin, Kenilworth, Warwickshire.
Of course he is, though his and Grace's night at the opera was the latest in a long line of attempts to rekindle their relationship. Brian was tired of their time together being almost non-existent due to her work. Grace, for her part, was increasingly disillusioned by Brian's curious rigidity which made him as charismatic and alluring as a lump of wood. This, together with his nauseatingly immaculate hair-do and absurd insistence on wearing a tuxedo wherever he went (even the shopping mall), resulted in a stagnant and doomed relationship. It was only a matter of time until one of them left.

Grace's short time with the Doctor has opened her eyes and she could never fall for a dullard like Brian again.
Kevin McHale, London.

Brian had probably had enough of Grace poncing around hospitals in ballgowns at every opportunity.
David Kelm, Farnborough, Hants.
Poor Brian had dated Grace for five years without so much as a kiss. Head over heels in lust with such a beauty, he followed her to the ends of the Earth, but whenever the time was right for passion, off went her bleeper and she ran away. Having sat through the first act of *Madame Butterfly* 25 times (he never did see the ending) when he could have been at an Alanis Morrisette comcert instead, Brian finally cracked and walked out. Brian now keeps tropical fish and goes to counselling every first Thursday of the month.
David Wood, Trowbridge.

For added value, the next High Council is also going to be a special edition!

Since the column began, Liz has received questions on a wide variety of personal problems that face the *Doctor Who* fan of the nineties. Perhaps you can help these tortured souls to find peace? Move over, Clare Rayner, here comes Liz Jackson and the caring, sharing **DWM** counselling team . . .

My girlfiend, who I've been seeing for six months, thinks I'm mad for liking *Doctor Who*. The only sci-fi show she'll watch is *The X Files*. Which *Doctor Who* stories should I show her to convince her of the merit of *Doctor Who*, and how should I 'sell' them to her?
GF, Blackburn.

I really want to wear my Paul McGann costume to a school disco because I feel really confident in it, but I'm scared I'll be bullied. What should I say to people who have a go at me about wearing it?
CP, Wembley.

I've had four manuscripts for *New Adventures* rejected by Virgin, but all my friends love my ideas. I now want to try to have one of my books published by the BBC. How can I improve my chances?
Terry Stephens, Windsor.

Every time I go on a first date with a new prospective partner, the conversation always turns towards our interests and hobbies. How can I, as a 30-year-old obsessive fan who watches at least one *Doctor Who* video a day, explain my enthusiasm in terms my date will understand?
John Nosworthy, Orpington.

With no new series of *Doctor Who* due in the immediate future, there sometimes seems to be little point in carrying on as a fan. I've watched all the old videos countless times, and I don't like the *New Adventures*. **DWM** give me a boost but I'm worried it's not enough – I've even thought about selling my Target novelisations. How can I revive the fan within me?
Rebecca Churchill, Hartlepool.

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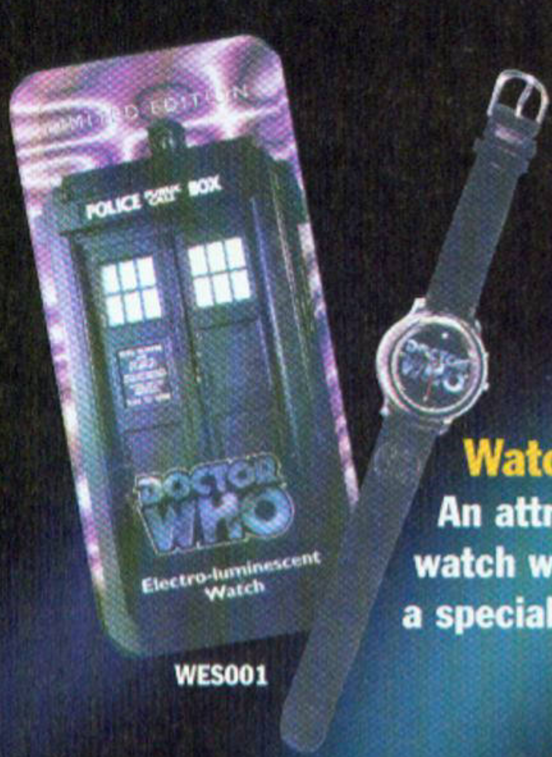

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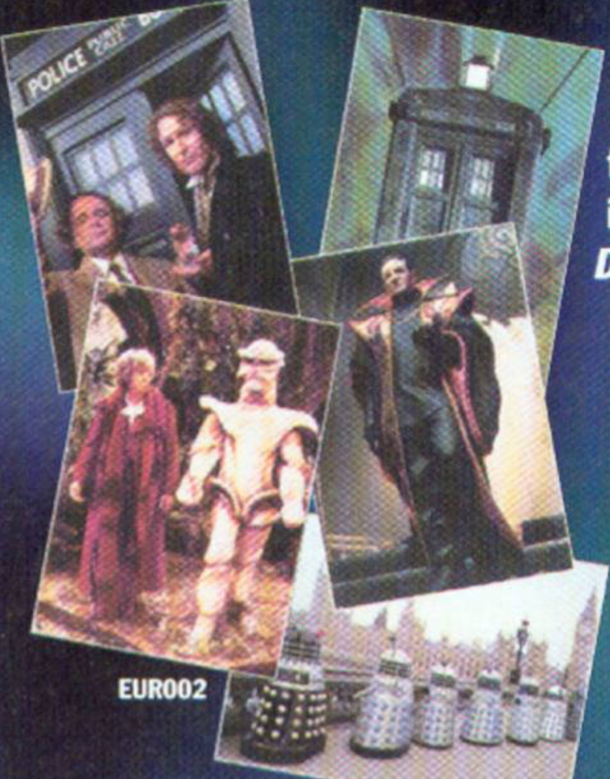

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Driving Miss Daisy K

Chris Clough was the man in the director's chair for two tales in Season Twenty-Five. He talks to Peter Griffiths about *The Happiness Patrol,* and, as part of our on-going *Script to Screen* series, also discusses the trials of creating the 25th anniversary story, *Silver Nemesis* . . .

D*octor Who*'s 25th anniversary brought with it a flurry of publicity and a resurgence in the programme's fortunes. *Silver Nemesis* was the anniversary story, and its director was Chris Clough, who had already worked on three stories over the previous two years [see **DWM** 231]. "I attended a press showing for the anniversary at one of those places with the dark rides, like the London Dungeon. Unless it was a landmark episode you wouldn't have a press showing, really. The anniversary tag was rather a negative weight to have around your neck. Everyone said, 'Well, this is the 25th anniversary story, it had better be bloody good, hadn't it?' You'd try your hardest anyway, but it's scary.

"We tried, but I'm not sure we succeeded. I think the story was over-complicated, really; a bit confusing. We had the time travellers from the Elizabethan era, we had the Cybermen and we had a redundant bunch of ex-Nazis. We also had the present-day background. I think those four elements were one too many in retrospect."

Did Chris think the Nazi element strained the story's credibility slightly? "I liked that! I thought it was good fun. We got Anton Diffring in his last part. We had to ask him quite a number of times, and eventually he said, 'I'll come over because I enjoy watching Wimbledon. I don't understand this *Doctor Who* crap, what is it?' He'd never seen it, so we showed him a tape, and he said, 'I still don't understand a word of this. What are we doing? It's madness!' He thought the scripts were utterly incomprehensible – maybe he was right!

"Anton Diffring said, 'I don't understand a word of this. What are we doing? It's madness!'"

"The Cybermen were often shot from below to give them more height, make them a bit more scary. We tinkered with them, buffed them up a bit. They're quite interesting because they have developed throughout the years, their helmets and suits have changed. Our Cybermen suffered from cyber-crutch. They didn't seem to be the right colour, not metallic enough, so our designer – Richard Croft, who has since died – sprayed them down a bit. But the paint caused the costumes to rot, so you see them getting more frayed as the filming went on.

"The big battle with the Cybermen at the beginning of Part Two was very difficult to cover. Action requires an awful lot of effort for very little screen time. You've got to give it a very big feel; it's quite tricky really. You wonder what you're doing next all the time."

Silver Nemesis featured a number of cameos, notably Courtney Pine and a rather suspect group of tourists at Windsor Castle. "It was a bit of a lark. We had this pub sequence to do, and I thought it would be quite nice to get a bit of jazz in. Courtney Pine was around, so we asked him. As with Leslie French as the astronomer, if you don't ask, you don't get. With the Windsor crowd, there were a few old faces there. We got a few directors and actors in – Nicholas Courtney, Andrew Morgan and so forth. No-one needed to know except those who did know! We mostly cut them out on the televised version.

"It was a very heavy schedule. We ran out of time at the end, and this was in the old system when a BBC crew wasn't able to go overtime. You'd have to negotiate to get half an hour and all the rest of it. We went miles over, but we got it in. Luckily, the American documentary crew we had with us were well-disciplined and kept out of the way."

Rehearsal days were lost to the same asbestos scare which affected *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*. This in turn meant that episode timings were out and the first episode ran wildly over length. "We just had too much good stuff, really. Well, I hope it was good! I haven't seen the extended video release, so you'd have to judge for yourself whether that material was better in or out. It's nice to have a bit of breathing space. If you go tearing through something you miss a lot of the subtleties and it's all pure narrative drive. You should always look for a second or third dimension rather than just service a script by merely saying the words."

The Happiness Patrol constituted Chris Clough's final work on the series, and it has been suggested that the story was a veiled satire on Britain under Margaret Thatcher. Chris certainly interpreted it as such. "You have to be a bit careful with admitting it. The BBC was highly nervous in that period. As a general philosophy, Helen A was a strong matriarch with a compliant husband, but the problem is that if you get too overt with the parallels you screw up the drama. It's a story set on another planet, not a political satire. But it's interesting to have human similarities! We got into trouble with Bassetts over the Kandyman. It was an attractive piece of design, with an over-sweetened element. The most dangerous person was the one who looked the most candy-flossy. That was what we were after with the whole piece.

"I was always a bit nervous about *Patrol* because it was a bit outlandish. We shot it all in studio, dealing with a totally controlled environment the whole time. Action on multi-camera is a nightmare. Any action sequence relies on very specific angles and very specific lengths of shots, so it's much easier to do it on single camera and edit afterwards. I could have prized them apart in the studio, but it's a question of time. The studios were so busy." Did they overrun? "Probably!"

Was it a challenge to depict an empire toppling in the studio? "A very small studio at that! We were restricted with the use of sets. There were quite a few street scenes, and we had that square. You kept coming back to the same areas, but by photographing them from different sides you tried to give it a different feel. You have to muddle it up a bit or it looks cheap and repetitive. John Asbridge did a terrific job as designer. The idea behind it was to have everything on a tilt, just out of skew so it didn't feel quite right.

"We were going to go further with the camera angles, shooting those on tilts as well. We'd had mounts built specially for the cameras. I think we had the two side cameras on tilt – the left hand one way and the right hand the other. The problem was, to which side do you tilt the middle camera? We were trying to give the story a nocturnal, shadowy, unnaturalistic feel based on end-of-empire Venice or *The Third Man*. But John Nathan-Turner felt giddy in the gallery and persuaded me that it might not be a good idea. I bowed to his judgment on that. That's one of the problems with committing yourself to something; you might regret it later.

"The make-up also incorporated the end-of-empire idea. We wanted the women to be a little past their best, with this late 18th century over-powdered

Opposite page: Sylvester McCoy demonstrates *The Happiness Patrol*'s little go-carts . . .

Left: The Cybermen attack in *Silver Nemesis.*

Below: The Cybermen consider De Flores' offer of sharing the Nemesis in the same story.

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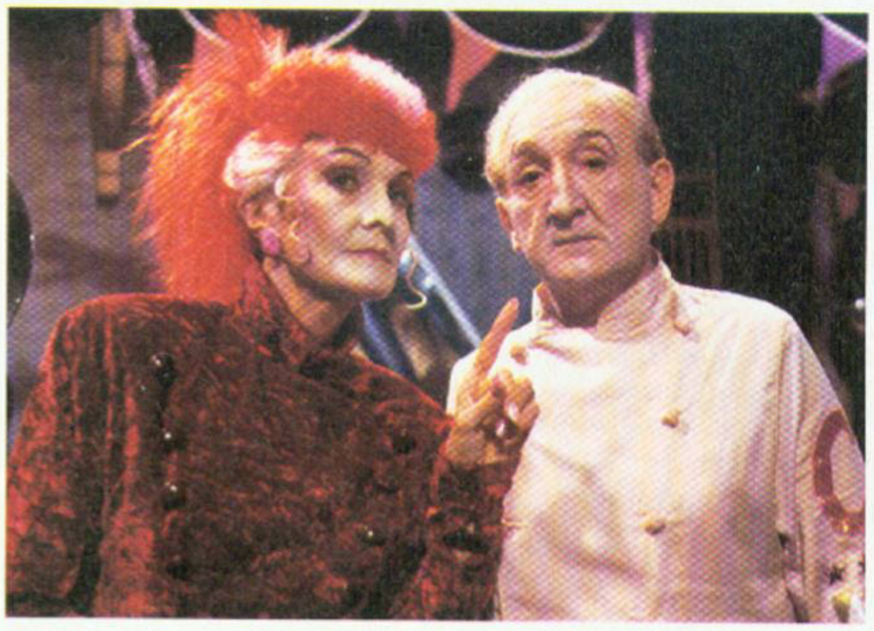


Right: Helen A (Sheila Hancock), ruler of Terra Alpha, and her consort Joseph C (Ronald Fraser), in *The Happiness Patrol.*

Below: The Doctor (Sylvester McCoy) and Ace (Sophie Aldred) visit the colony.

Photos © BBC Video

look. In fact, we had special make-up prepared to set on their face and then crack to look very odd; it give them a false veneer of beauty which they were trying to hang on to.

"It was a good cast. We got them by saying, 'We have this crazy idea, how do you fancy it?' Most actors would go along with it because it made them an instant hero or heroine with their kids or grandchildren. If they did a very heavy Ibsen piece, the kids think that's boring, but if mum's coming to pick you up in the playground and she's just been in *Doctor Who* – wow. You have arrived! And the actors liked playing around. They knew it was going to be bizarre. People like John Normington and Harold Innocent often get similar parts because of the way they look or the way they are, so *Doctor Who* gave them a chance to break away from that mould."

The script editor at the time, Andrew Cartmel, has been critical of the lighting on *Doctor Who*, stating that the lighting technicians couldn't accept lower levels. "That's an unfair criticism. I wouldn't go along with that. The problem is lighting for three-camera setups. All three cameras have to cut with the same light density. If you have sun falling on a person and you shoot from that side, you'll get all light. If you shoot from the other side, you'll get all dark. You have to even it up. It's inevitable in any studio set-up.

"The rehearsal process for *Doctor Who* was always hilarious. You had a lot of laughs. Sylvester's singing was added after someone heard him in the bar. We though we'd have a bit of fun. It usually adds to the product. Juxtaposing comedy and serious bits is what makes drama work. Shakespeare always did it.

"John Nathan-Turner felt giddy in the gallery and persuaded me that tilting the cameras might not be a good idea."

"The problem with doing your camera script before rehearsals is that you're not leaving your actors any space. They are moving and acting to a prearranged plan which might be brilliant, but more often than not needs refining. But you do have to have a pretty good idea of what you're wanting people to do, because by then you've designed the sets and will be working within their confines. The specifics of the camera script I always leave to the end."

The penultimate shot of Helen A crying over Fifi would, it has been suggested, have made a better conclusion to the story than the actual final scene as broadcast – a light-hearted moment beside the TARDIS. "Personally yes, I think it would have as well, but that's one of the restrictions you're working under. We had to go back to the Doctor, didn't we? *Patrol* might have gone out last, so you had to put the tag in. But I agree, it was a nice shot.

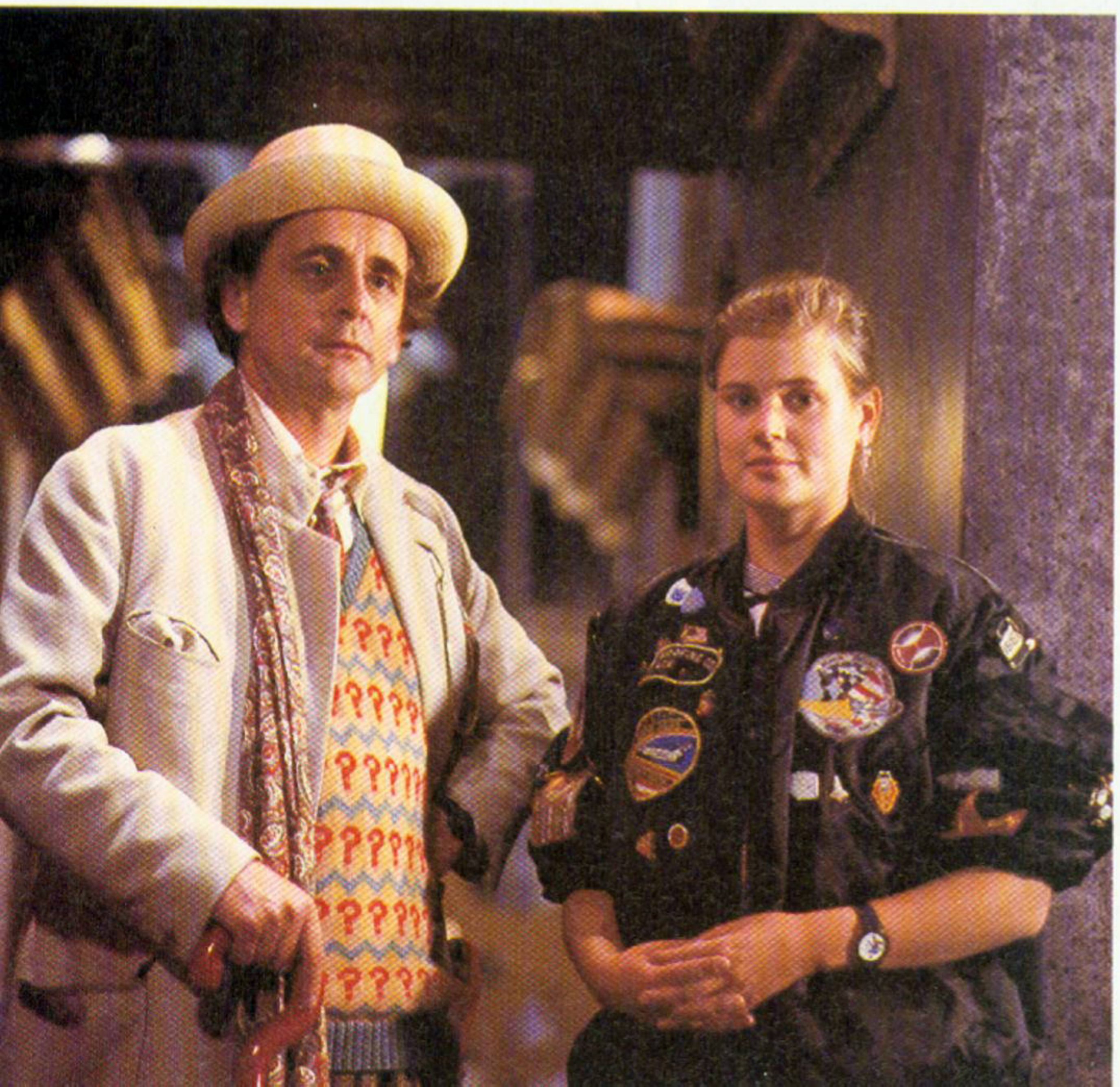
"I might not have been asked to come back for the next series anyway, but I said to John, 'Thank you very much, but just in case you're possibly thinking of me for next season, I think I've done enough.' There's a real danger you can get into *deja vu* and starting repeating yourself. I had a lot of fun doing it, but I thought I might not enjoy another season so much. It was time to move on. But I loved every minute of it. Great fun, great people, lovely actors and a great challenge."

Chris' association with *Doctor Who* didn't quite finish there. "I've been to a convention in London. I thought it was very interesting. The attendants thought about the questions in great depth, but sometimes you were asked about a decision taken purely on the spur of the moment. You didn't really think about it, you just felt instinctively that that was the way to go. That's a hit or a miss which you have to then explain.

"I went on to work on *The Bill*. I did *Casualty*, and a series called *Oasis* for Carlton – quite a lot of stuff, really. I was going to do a situation comedy last year, but thankfully I didn't because it turned out to be one which really bombed!"

Chris offered his thoughts on *Doctor Who*'s future. "*Doctor Who* went on for a very long time. All the schedulers were asking if it should go on any longer. It's a very, very difficult niche to fill, and whether the show had served its time or not I don't know. There are no really good British science fiction series at the moment. I'm not really a science fiction fan, but I think the whole area is fascinating. There is a market for good sci-fi which isn't *Star Trek*. But science fiction is very expensive, so unless you have the political or budgetary will to back it . . ."

Bearing in mind his recent promotion to producer, how would Chris have handled the job on *Doctor Who*? "I don't know. It was a very difficult show to produce, which I think the fans forget. It wasn't a naturalistic drama series. As a producer you'd have to come up with something fresh each season. What you could do that was fresh and would satisfy all sides of the audience on a limited budget, I don't know. I possibly would have made it darker, but it's a hypothetical question. Everyone has an opinion on how it should be, their favourite Doctor and period, so you're never, ever going to satisfy them all. I assume that the new Paul McGann film has sparked a revival of interest, but I don't know if that will be followed through, because, as ever, the show's major problems stem from politics within the BBC – that's what did for it a year after my time. Still, there are many people dedicated to the programme, and I know of no other show where that following is *so* strong. That's a great tribute to *Doctor Who*." ◆



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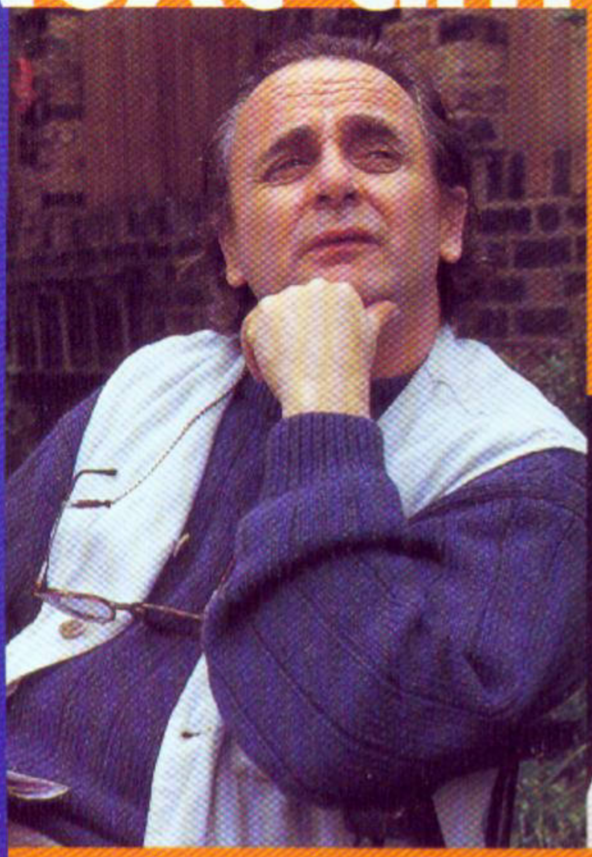

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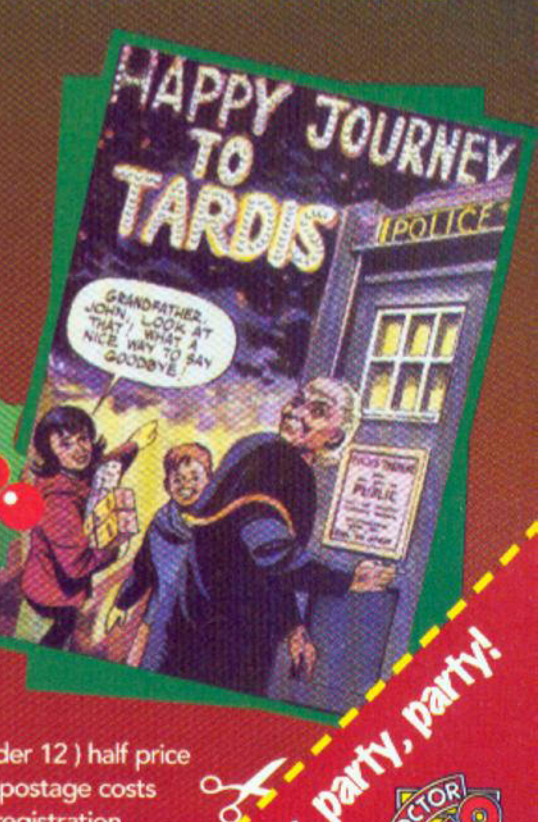
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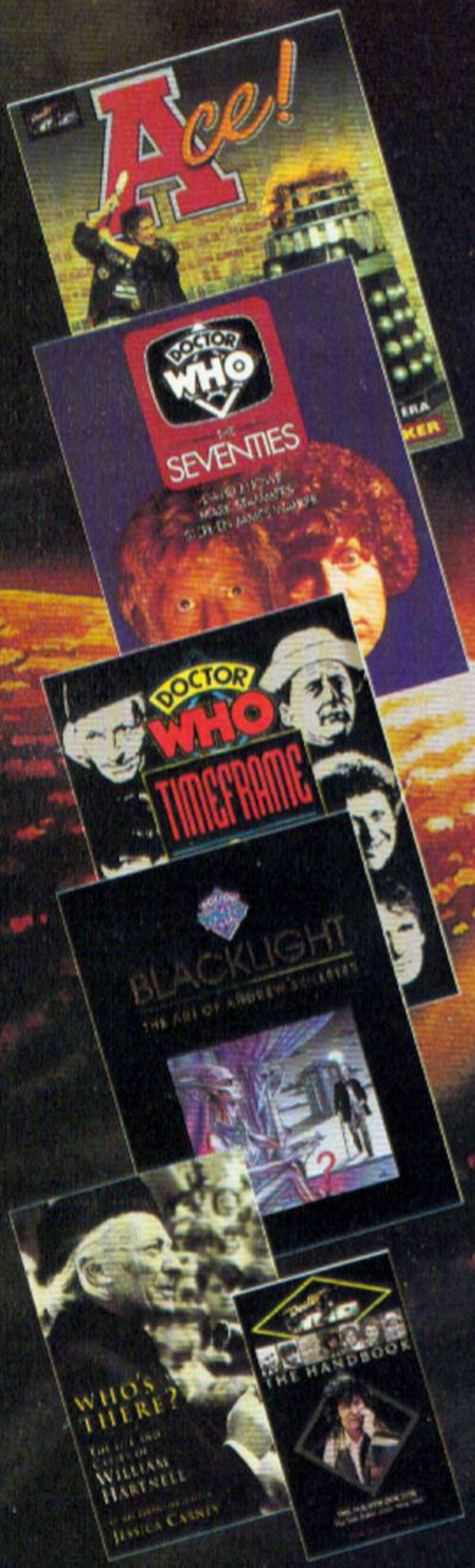
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